Chatterbox

WILD WEST

NO 263
MADE IN U.S.A.

M.A.DONOHUE & CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK

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For Betty Anns 5th birthday

from

Grandma.

CHATTERBOX

WILD WEST

EDITED BY

LAURENCE H. RANCIS

With Illustrations

By HARRISON WEIR AND OTHERS

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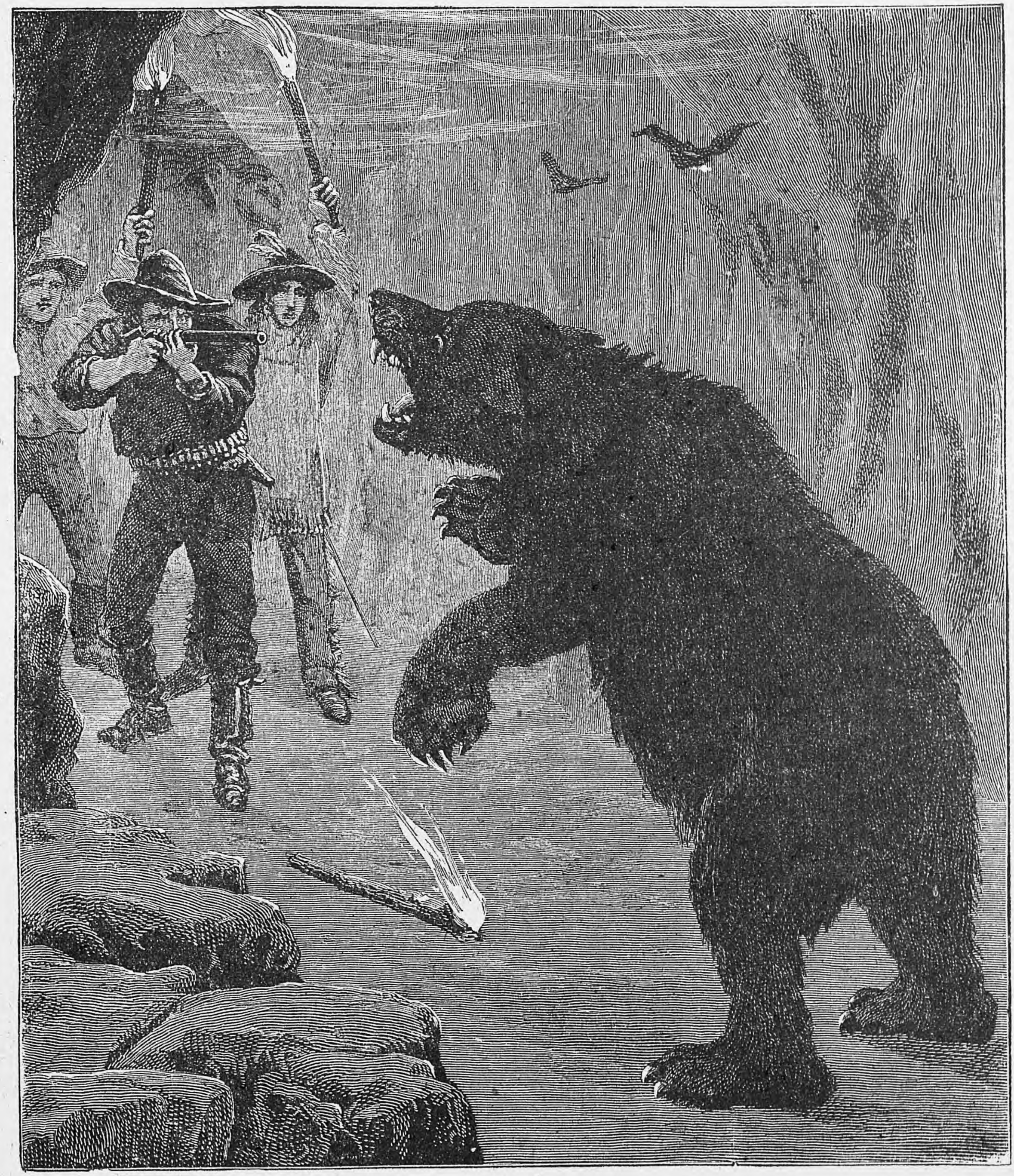
THE INDIAN.

YEARS ago the fierce Indian chief scoured the broad prairies, a warrior king in his tribe, a ruler of his wild domain. Even to-day the lurking Indian foeman is no mean adversary to be laughed at and brushed out of the way, notwithstanding disease, war, assassination, and necessary chastisement have united rapidly to decimate his race. Doubtless the opinion may be controverted; but it nevertheless shall be hazarded, that, until the weaker party shall be exterminated by the stronger, the wild war-whoop, with its keen-edged knife and death-dealing rifle accompaniments, will continue to palsy the nerve and arouse the courage of the pioneer white man. The Indian in his attack no longer showers cloth-yard arrows upon his foe. He has learned to kill his adversary with the voice of thunder and the unseen bullet.

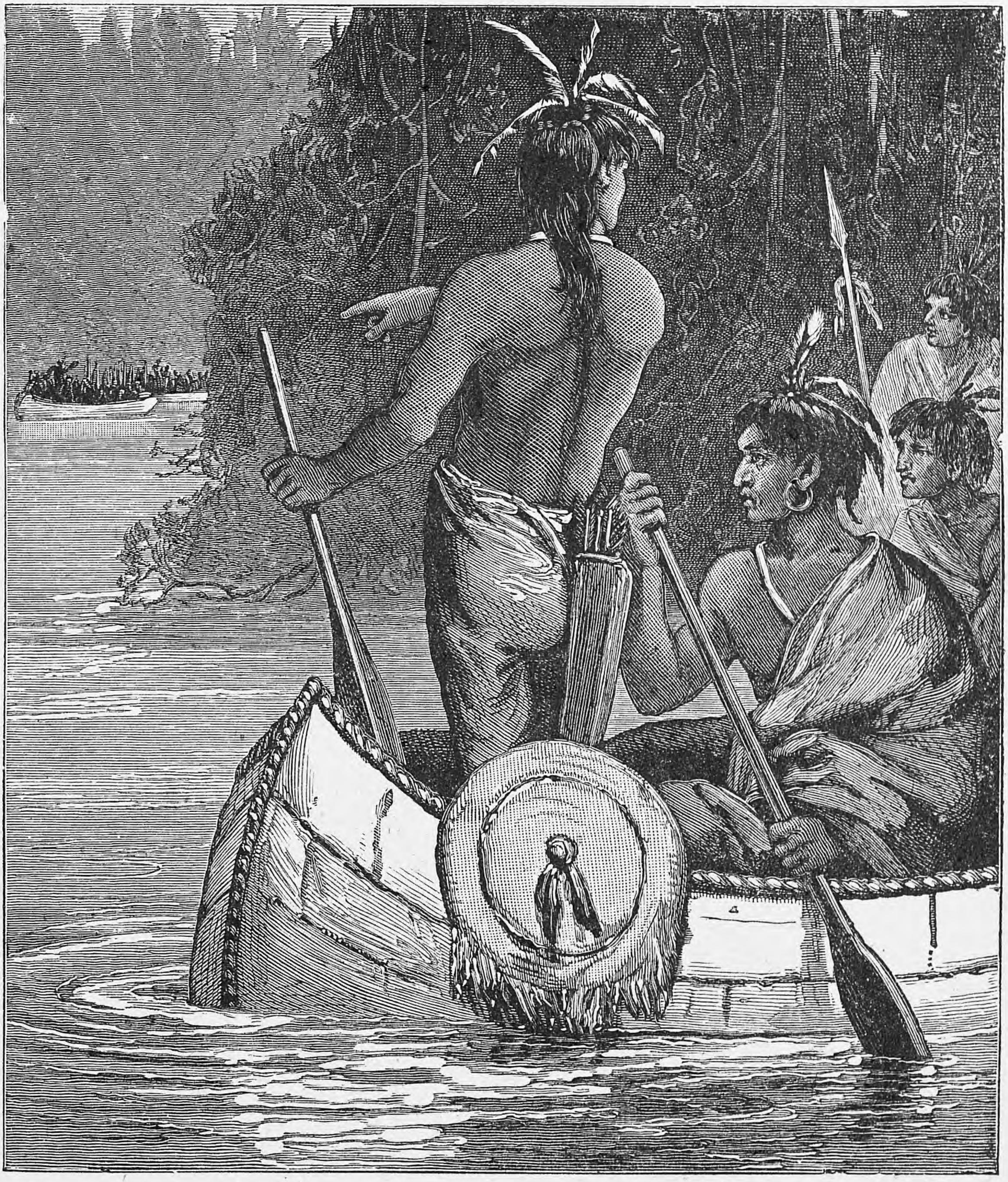
A BEAR IN A CAVE.

A FRIENDLY Indian once discovered a cave which contained a bear. He did not venture to attack her alone, but asked us to aid him. About mid-day we reached the entrance to Bruin's abode, and at once proceeded to enter the cave. For about sixty yards or so we advanced, the cave being tolerably high and wide. At length, supposing that we must now be quite close to the enemy, I raised my torch a little, and was able to see the bear. She was about ten yards off, sitting on her haunches, gnashing her teeth. "I must fire now," whispered Tom. "Fall back a little; we may have to make a bolt for it, unless I succeed in killing her outright." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when crack went his rifle. The cave was filled with smoke, while a groan, followed by silence, announced that the bear was dead.



ENCOUNTER BETWEEN INDIANS.

A PARTY of Indians, with their women and children, were once passing by water through the country of a hostile tribe. One night it seemed to their quick faculties that danger was at hand. At daybreak a heavy mist hung over the water. Presently there emerged from the obscurity three canoes, each holding from twenty-five to thirty Indians in their war-paint. It was a terrible moment. The women and children lay down, while every man took up his position; but they were outnumbered by the enemy, besides being hampered by their household gear. We need not dwell upon the fierce and sanguinary encounter, for the fight was all over in twenty minutes; but in that short time terrible havoc had been wrought among the weaker party. Many had been killed or drowned. Only a few escaped by swift paddling.



THE YOUNG BRAVE.

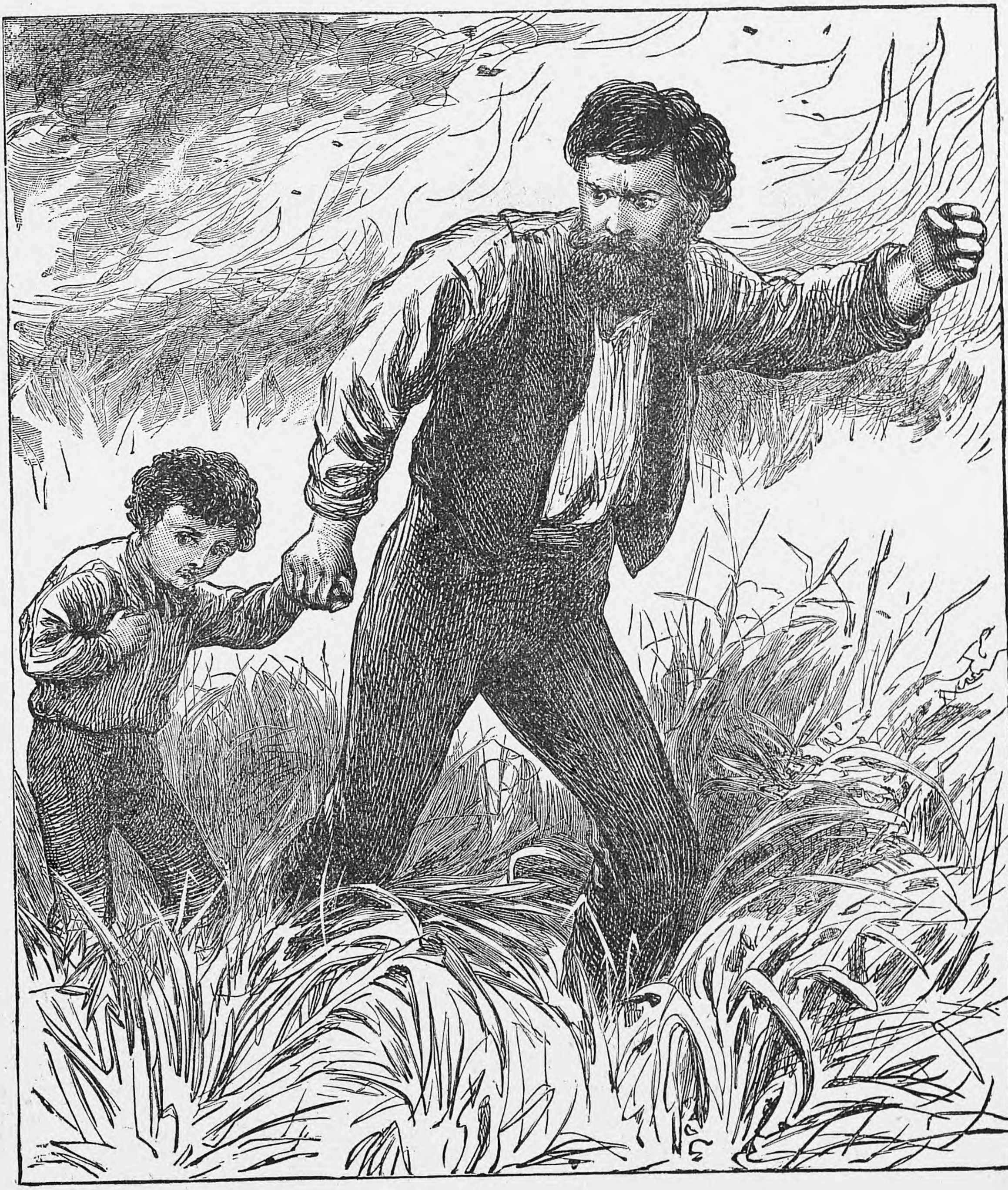
THOUGH, as a rule, the Indian treats his squaw harshly, forcing her to do the heaviest work, and, in fact ill-treating her in every way, yet cases are on record when an Indian has been deeply attached to his helpmate. Such was the case with a young brave of the Ojibbeways. So devoted was he to his young squaw that his companions used to laugh at him, and he was named "The Woman-Hearted." They had one child, a girl; but one day it fell ill, and soon died. The mother was heart-broken; but the young brave, without a word, disappeared, going alone upon the war path. It was some days before he returned, and then he had no scalps or other trophies of victory. He brought with him only a little white girl, whom he had stolen from her distant home to replace the child they had lost.

TREED BY A GRIZZLY.

JOHN MORLAND went West with the express purpose of meeting and killing a grizzly bear. Finally he reached his journey's end, and encamped with a guide among the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. A week passed, when one morning they came upon the tracks of two bears. After following the trail for some time, the tracks separated; so the hunters each followed one of them. Morland had not gone far when he discovered his game. He fired, but only succeeded in wounding the brute, who started toward him. There was no time to reload, so Morland ran to a large tree, into which he clambered. The bear stationed himself at the foot of the tree. In his flight, Morland had dropped his cartridge belt, so he was obliged to wait until his companion came up and shot Bruin.

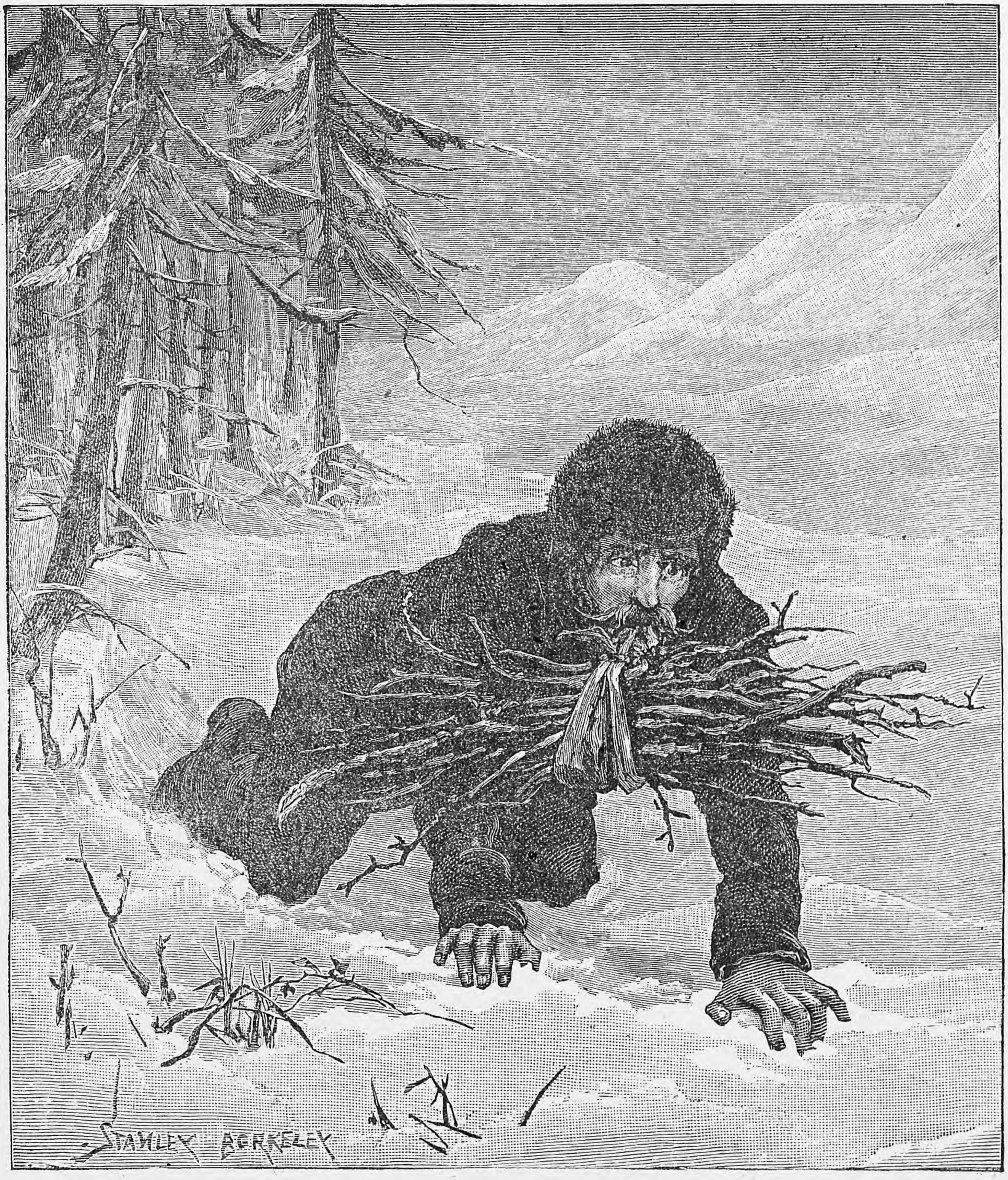
A PRAIRIE FIRE.

ONE of the most awe-inspiring spectacles of the far West is a prairie on fire. During the summer the fierce sun beats down on the plains until the long, coarse grass becomes as dry as tinder, and a spark will set it on fire. Some trapper or Indian carelessly allows his camp-fire to spread, and the damage is done. The fierce flames sweep onward with irresistible force and fury; and only a rainstorm or a body of water can stop them. There are various means of escaping from this terrible foe. If one is near a lake or stream he can be saved by taking refuge in its cool waters; but if no such safety is near, he must trust to his own resources. A method frequently used is to set fire to the prairie around and take refuge in the space thus cleared. But this can only be resorted to when there is sufficient time.



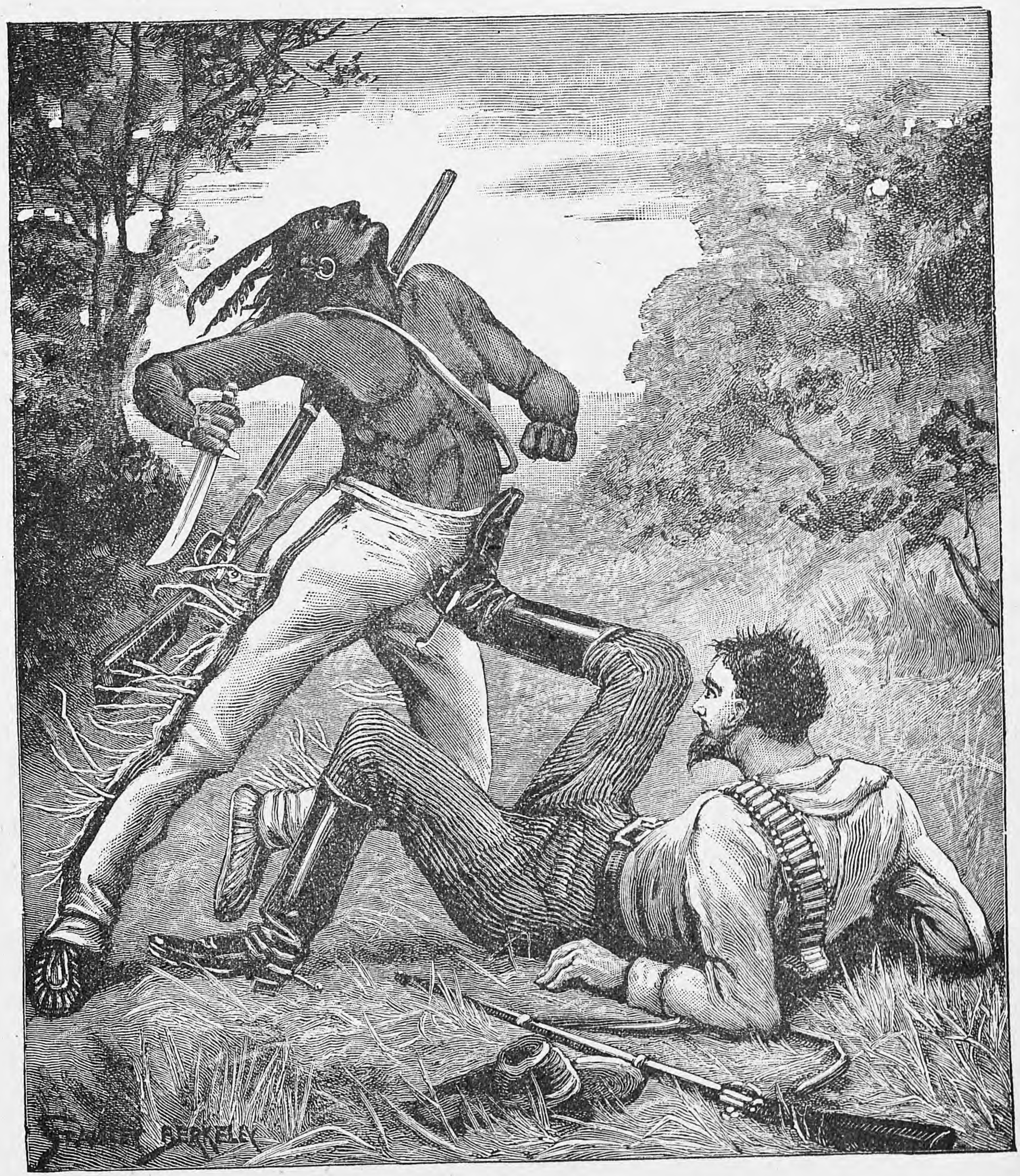
A COMRADE'S DEVOTION.

ONE winter day two trappers left their camp for a hunt. They started out full of life and spirits; but the return was in a different manner. There had been a fierce encounter with a grizzly bear, and one weak and bleeding man was carrying back his helpless comrade. Then began a season of terrible suffering. The less injured man had to care for his friend and at the same time procure food and fuel. The brave fellow could have saved himself; but he would not desert his comrade. He grew weaker and weaker, and finally could not walk. But he would not give up; and so, on hands and knees through the deep snow he dragged himself to the woods. This could not last, and soon he too lay helpless in the hut. Fortunately, some trappers discovered the camp on the day his strength gave out.


STANLEY BERKELEY

SETH'S ESCAPE.

"THE redskins very nearly got the best of me once," said old Seth. "I'll tell you how it was. One morning I started out, rifle in hand, ever on the alert for enemies. Before I had gone more than three miles, a sharp crack rang out, and a rifle bullet cut a bit of flesh out of my knuckles. Down I dropped in the bushes, pretending to be killed. Two Indians appeared, and one advanced to take my scalp. I waited till his hand was almost on my hair; then I kicked out my right foot and caught him directly in the stomach. He rolled over on the ground, and I saw that he would be harmless for a little while at least. The other Indian got his rifle to his shoulder and fired, putting a hole through my old fur cap; but I raised my rifle, killed him easily, and walked off home to the station."

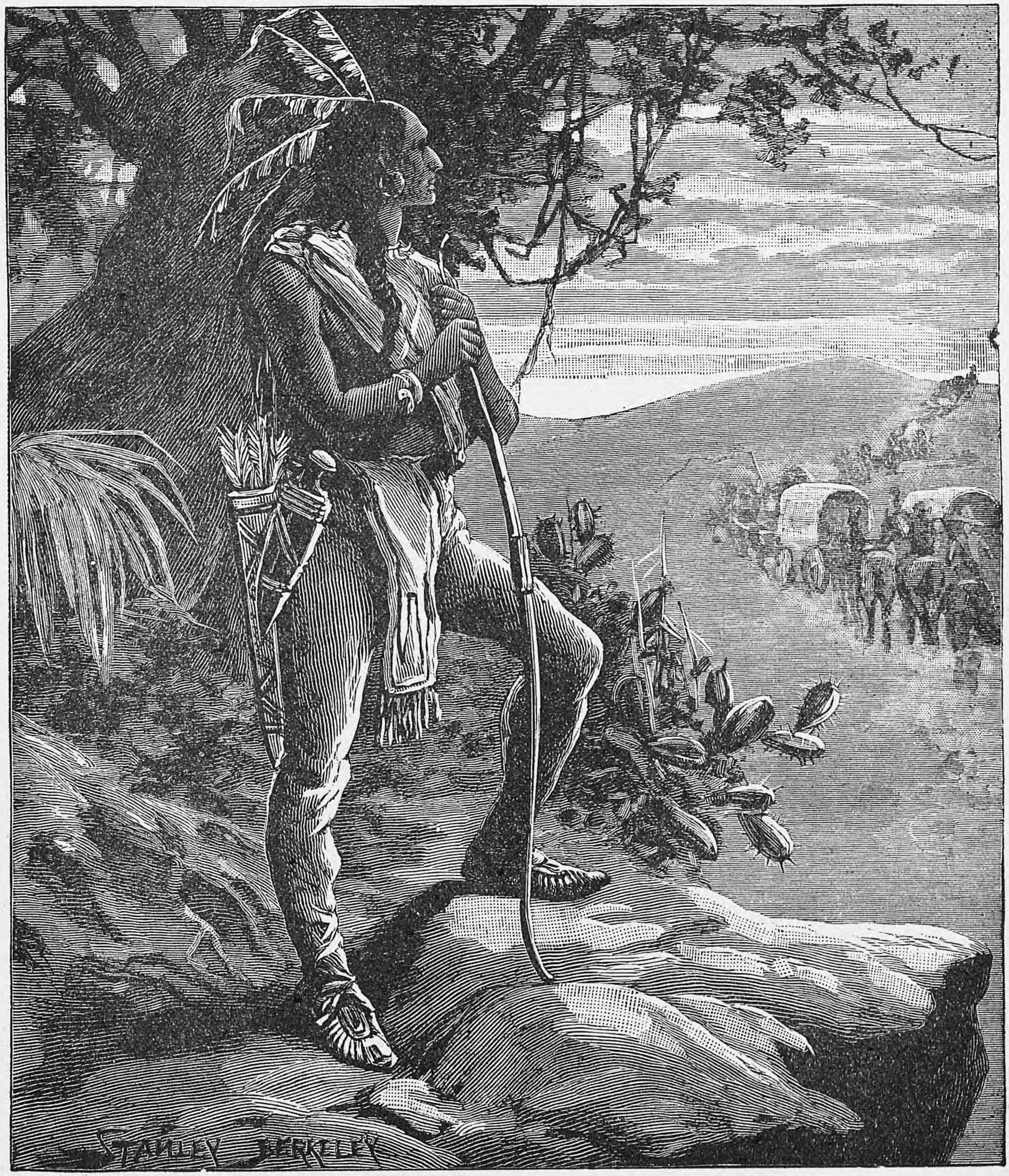

FRANCES BERKELEY

COWBOYS.

THE Western Cowboys are an institution of the country; and a bold and hardy class of men they are. They are the guardians of the immense herds of the West, and are known throughout the world for their magnificent riding, reckless bravery, and careless disposition. They hold life at a cheap price; with them a word leads to a blow, and a blow is answered by a pistol shot. They are all magnificent shots with rifle or revolver, and woe to him who arouses their enmity. But despite their violence and reckless disregard of human life, they are to be admired in many respects. Their life is one of constant toil and danger. Their days are spent in the saddle, and often their nights; they are exposed to hardships and dangers without end, and their character is a natural result of their training.

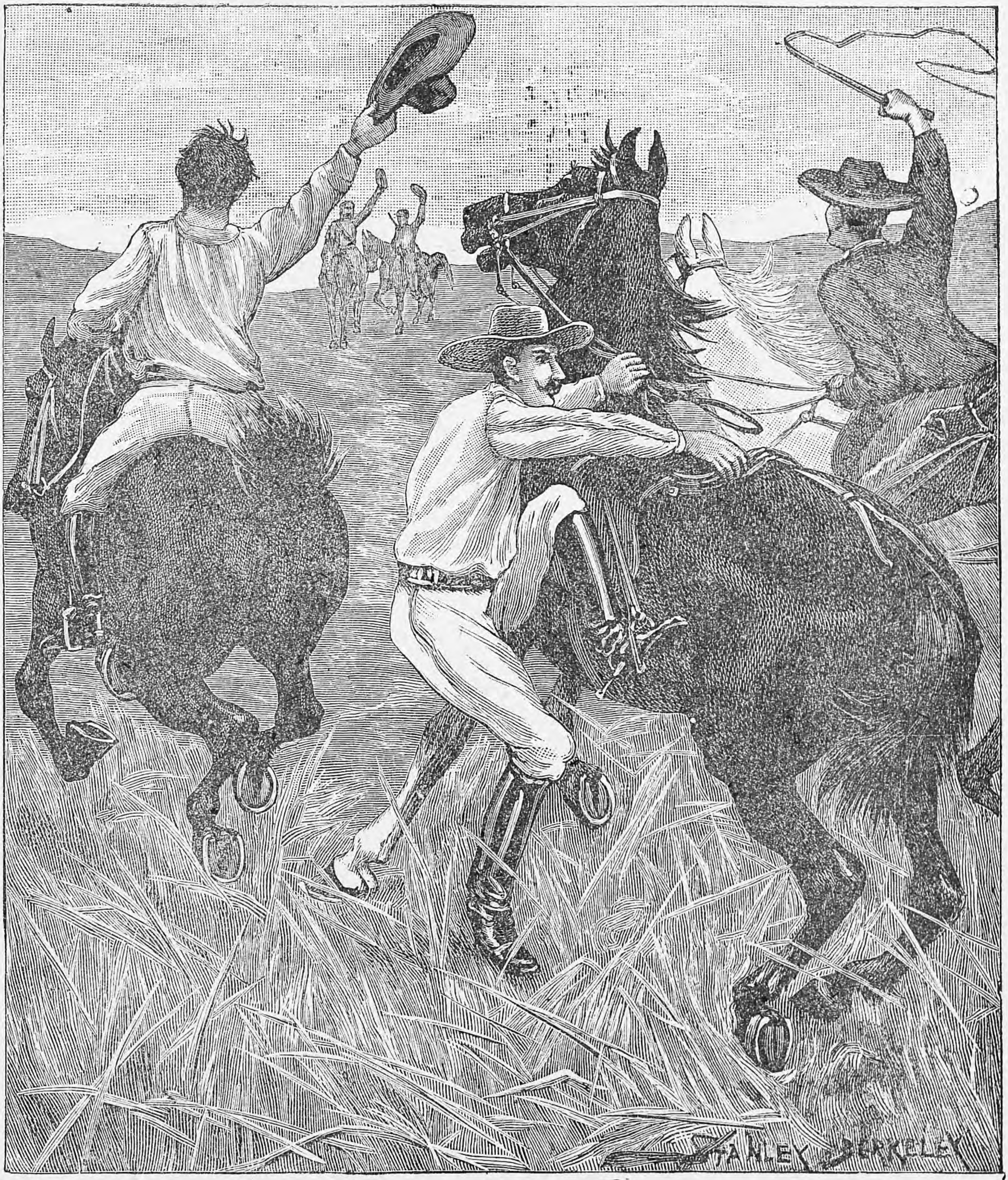
THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.

WE are accustomed to think of the Indian as the personification of all that is vile. He is spoken of as mean, cruel, revengeful, as one who has nothing to recommend him, whose every characteristic is opposed to civilization and humanity. But after all there is something to be said on his side. The Indians were once sole lords of the whole land, and then they were different from what they have now become. It is true that they were fierce and warlike, cruel and revengeful; but they were simple and honest, staunch in their friendships, and firm in their sense of honour. It is their contact with civilization that has warped their natural characteristics; and the white man is largely responsible for the condition of the noble red man. The free son of the plains has been taught the vices of the white man much to his disadvantage.


STANLEY BERKLEY

A HAPPY MEETING.

A PARTY of a dozen trappers were hemmed in by a large body of Indians. All through the day they defended themselves stubbornly; but they knew that when night came the Indians would overpower them. So as night fell they came to the conclusion that each man should shift for himself. After arranging that those who escaped should meet at the nearest fort, each man grasped his rifle and disappeared in the darkness. Man after man arrived at the fort until all had appeared except two; but as day after day passed the missing men were given up for dead. Finally the ten survivors mounted horses supplied them at the fort, and set out to learn news of their missing comrades. Two days later two horsemen appeared; they proved to be the missing men. They had been captured, but managed to escape and regain their horses.


STANLEY BERKELEY

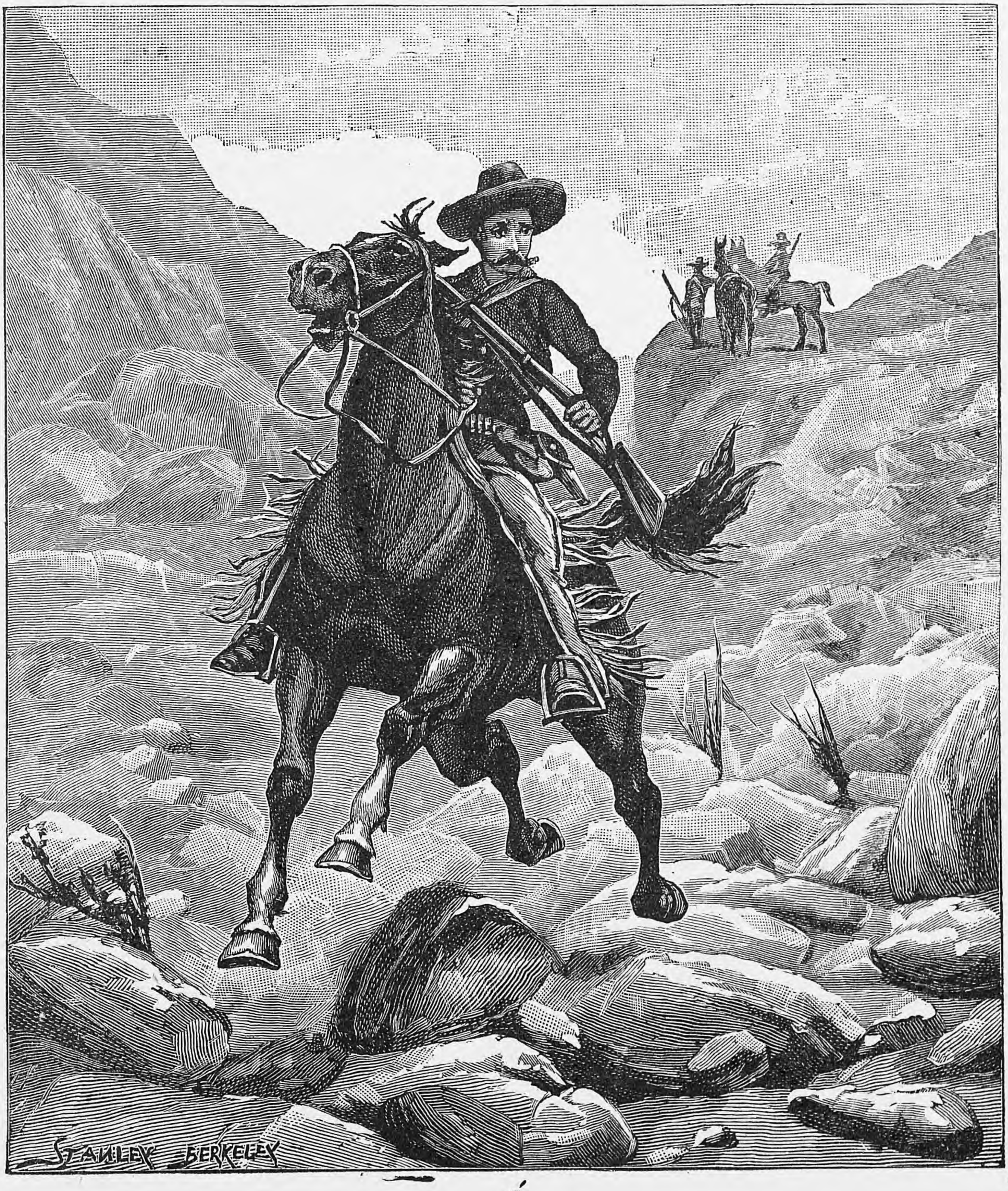
INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

MANY people believe that the Indian is worthless, and has never been known to do an act of kindness or generosity. This is by no means the case. Many a story is told of the kindly deeds of the redman; and the following is but one of numerous examples. A young man named William Keene once strayed from his party, and was unable to find his way back to them. For several days he wandered around, helpless, and at last, faint with hunger, sank down, thinking never to rise again. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in the wigwam of a friendly Indian, who had found him unconscious, and brought him to the village. He was tenderly treated, and his strength rapidly returned. When he was able to travel, the Indian guided him to a settlement, whence he could communicate with his friends.

STANLEY

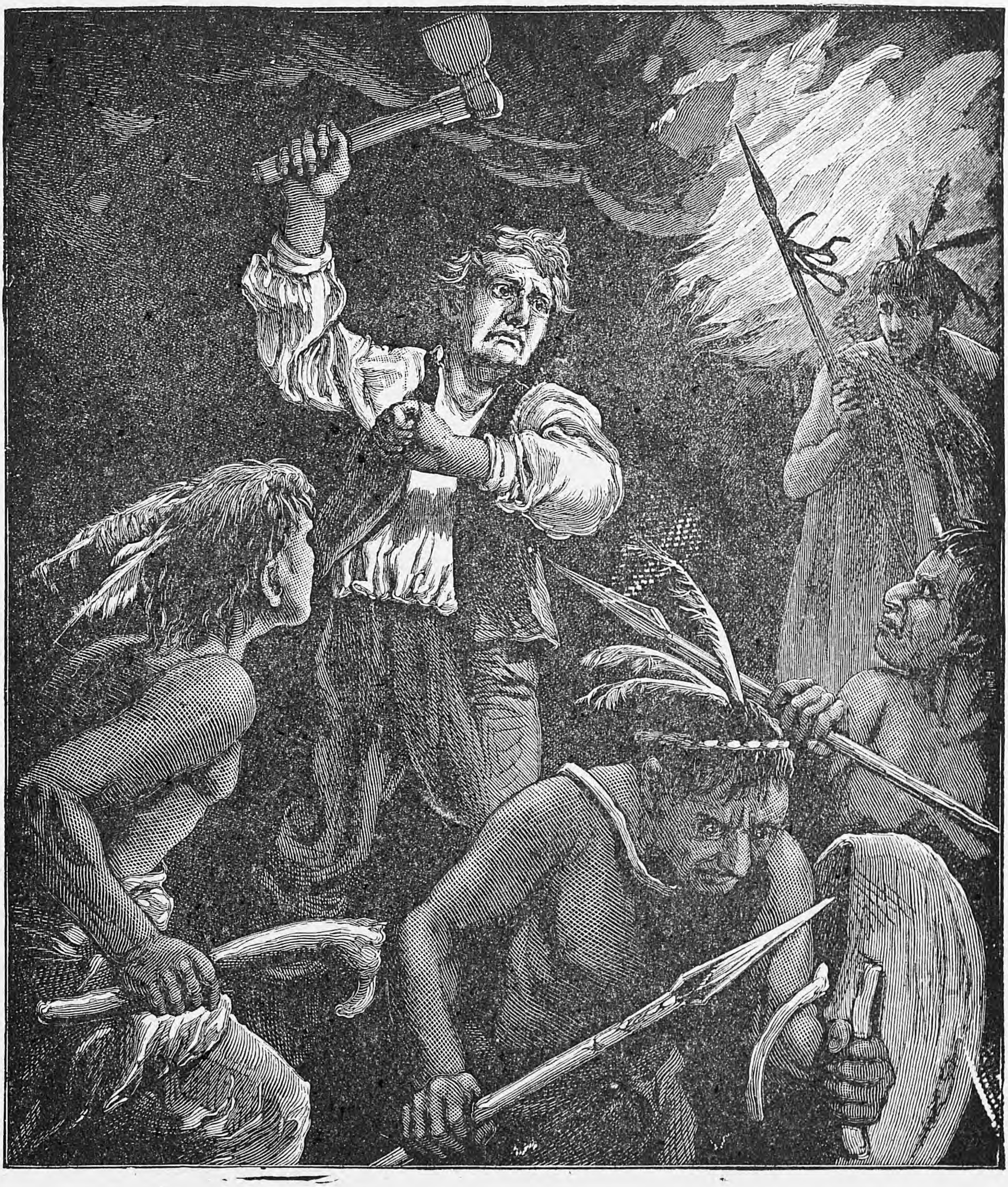
IN SEARCH OF WATER.

LARGE tracts of land in the West are bare and arid. Water is found in but few places, and many a man has died of thirst in trying to cross these barren wastes. Few parties dare to journey over this territory without an experienced guide, and even these latter sometimes make a mistake. Such is the case with the guide in our picture. On arriving at the spot where he expected to find water, he is surprised to find no water, or any signs of it. But he does not lose his presence of mind. He is too old a hand to be far wrong. The welcome spring must be somewhere in the neighbourhood, so he begins to search. It must be found, for the next place where they can find water is a hundred miles away, and already they have been a day without a drop. So he searches carefully, and at length is rewarded by success.


STANLEY BERKELEY

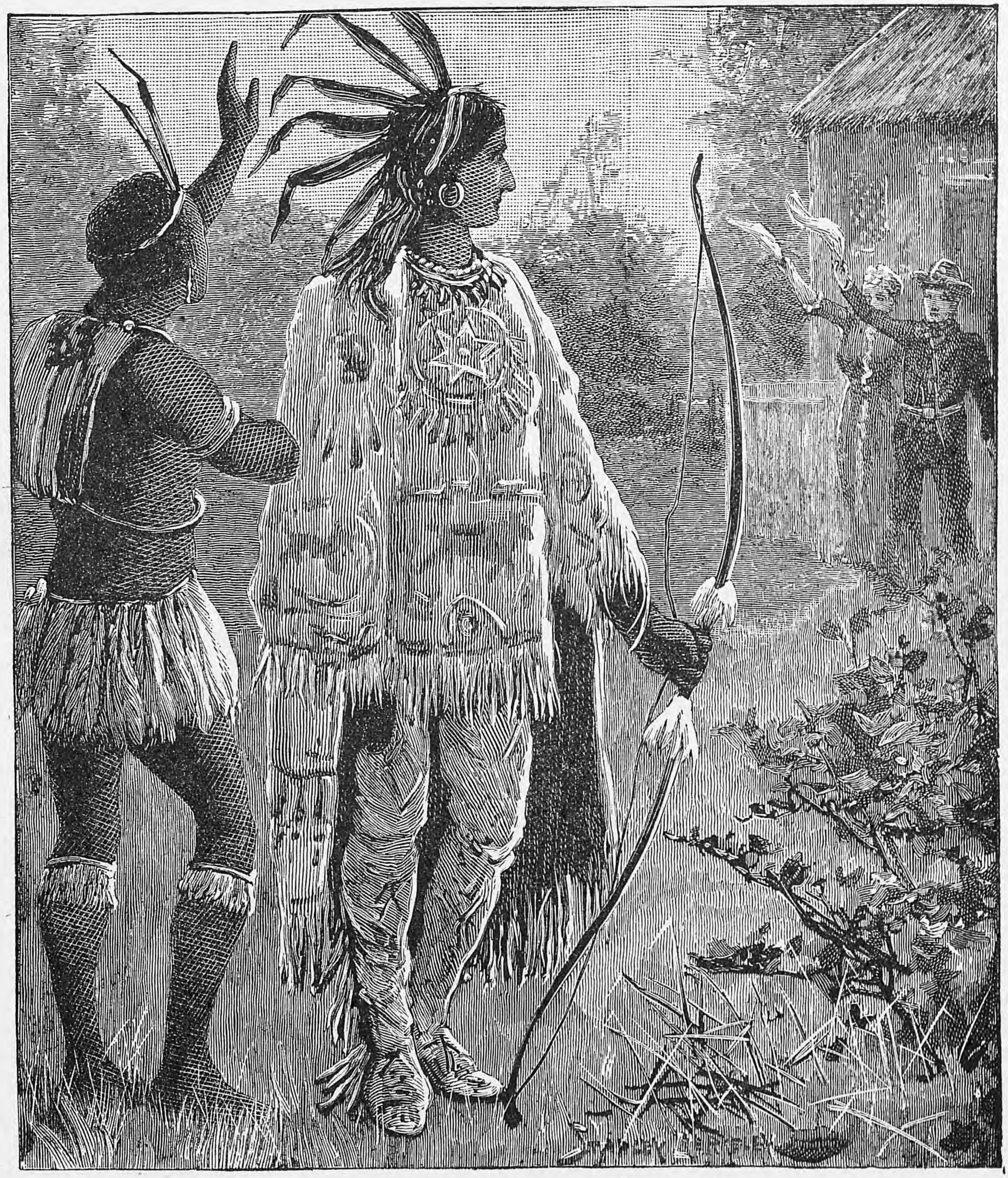
ATTACK ON A SETTLEMENT.

LOUIS, the hunter, tells the following story of an attack by Indians on a small settlement: "Quite suddenly one night we heard the Indian yell. I ran to the door; but what a sight met my eyes! A gang of howling savages were rushing toward me like so many wolves. I fired, and one of them fell; then I caught up an axe, and rushed at them with such fury that I cleared the cabin. Before help came to us several white men, and women too, were killed. The men ,fought to the last; but the poor women screamed with terror, while they tried to shield the babes that lay in their arms. At length help came. We heard a rushing and trampling, and some soldiers from the fort, with about a dozen settlers, appeared. The Indians turned to run; but they were not allowed to escape. Most of them were killed."



TRUE TO HIS TRIBE.

A CHIEF belonging to a tribe friendly to the whites had settled, with his son, near one of our frontier forts. The commander of the fort and his family grew to have a high regard for the dignified redman, and this feeling was fully reciprocated by the dusky warrior. But the hitherto peaceful tribe suddenly rose, and began a series of depredations and murders. The troops were called out to subdue them. The commander summoned the friendly chief to him, and was surprised to see him appear in full war paint. Without waiting to be questioned, the Indian announced his departure. "My people are on the war path. They are foolish, and will be slaughtered; but they are my people and they call me. I go to join them. I am sad at heart, for I must war against my white friend. He will conquer, and I will die, and so, farewell!"

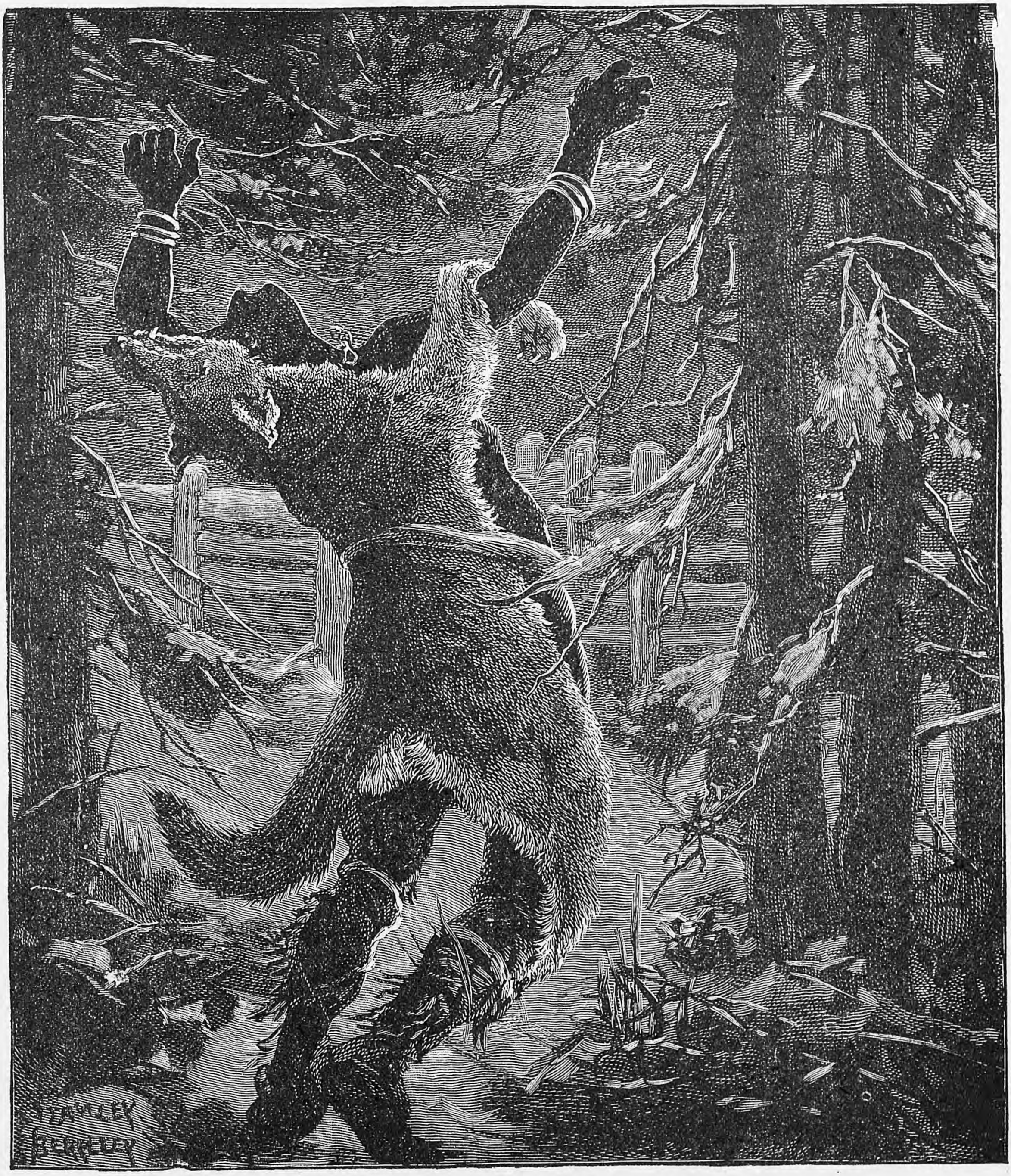


GOLD AT LAST.

EARLY in the "fifties" a young man left his home in the East to seek his fortune in the gold fields of California. On reaching a favourable locality, he took up a claim and set to work with energy. But he had very little success. He scarcely found gold enough to keep body and soul together, although miners working claims next him were taking out the precious metal in quantities. But he was not one to give up without a struggle, and finally fortune smiled upon him. His pick struck against an apparent stone; but it proved to be a good-sized nugget. Nor was this all,—near it he found a number of smaller lumps of gold, and the deeper he went the richer grew the claim. In a few days he had dug out a respectable fortune, and then, selling his claim for a large sum, he went back to his Eastern home with his treasure.

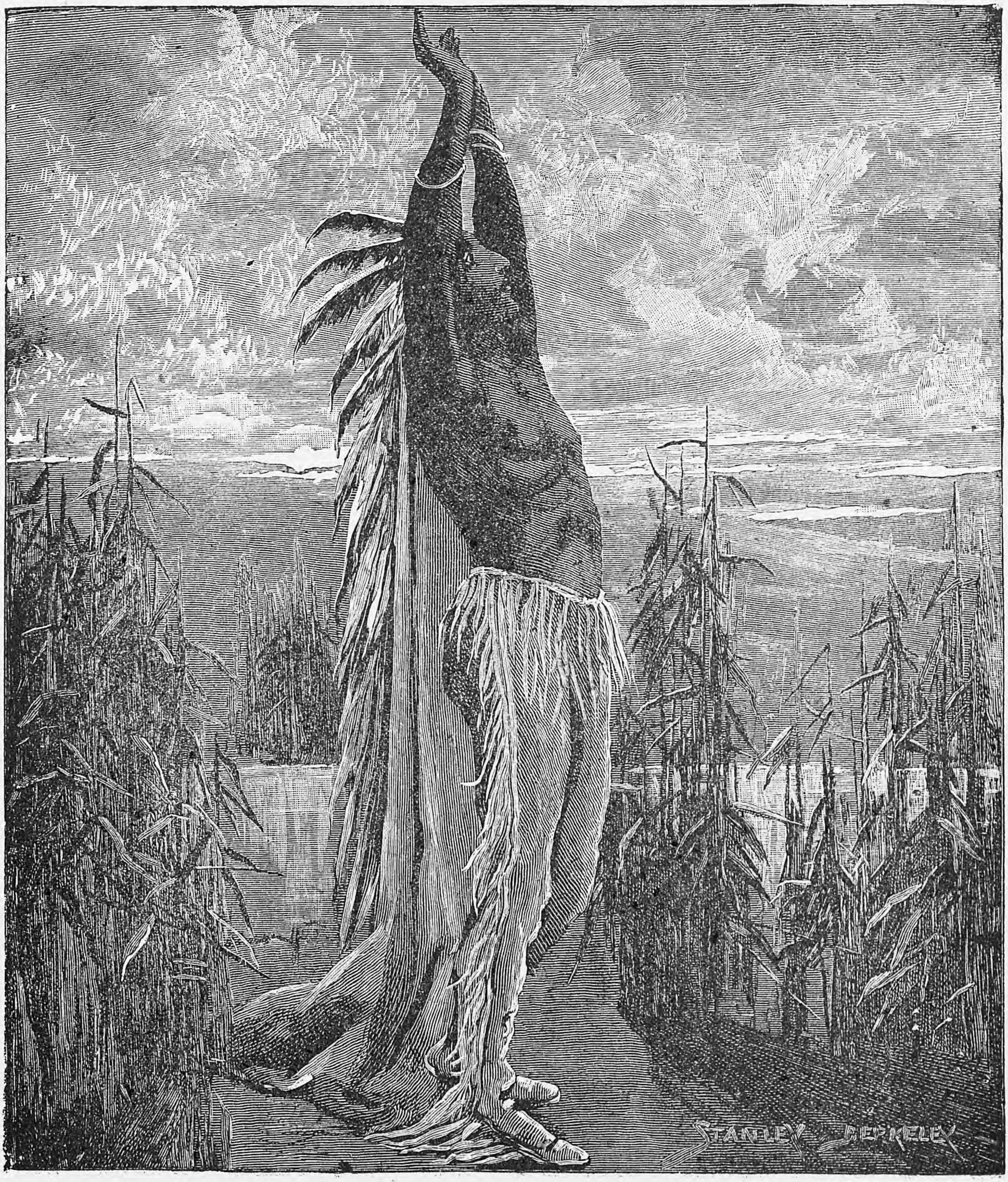
THE SUPPOSED WOLF.

THE Indians are perhaps more cunning and wily than any other race on the earth. A favourite method of theirs for hunting buffalo is to cover themselves with the skins of young buffaloes, and thus approach the unsuspecting herd. On one occasion an Indian scout put on the skin of a large wolf, and was thus able to crawl close to the enemy's camp without being stopped, although he was in full view of the lookout. The plan of the Indians had been for this warrior to creep near enough to the sentinel to kill him without noise, and then the camp would have been at the mercy of the savages. Fortunately an old Indian fighter, unable to sleep, joined the sentinel, and noticed the supposed wolf. His practised eye was not deceived. He raised his rifle and fired. The supposed wolf rose up, uttered a shrill cry, and fell dead.



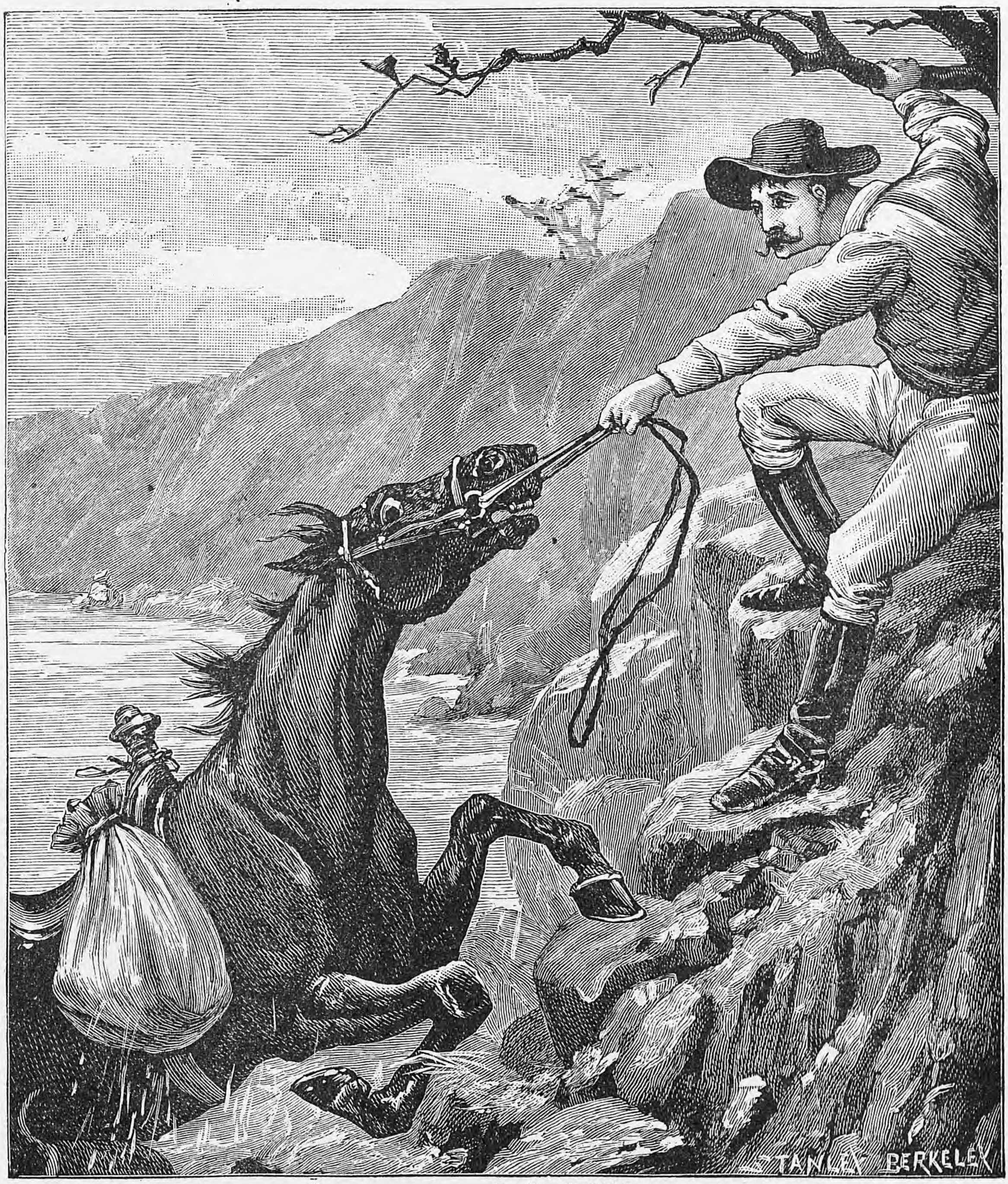
OSAGE MOURNERS.

THE Osages are among the least civilized of the tribes living in the Indian Territory. They mostly live in wigwams made of sticks and long grass; their clothing consists of red blankets wrapped around them, under which they sometimes wear a shirt. Moccasins cover their feet. They paint their faces red, with blue marks drawn across, and put feathers in their hair. The men when they mourn for their dead go into the woods alone, and fast all day, coming home at sundown, chanting very solemnly, first softly, then louder and louder as they get nearer home. The women when they mourn put a patch of mud on the right side of the head, and just before daylight they sit up on their bed, which consists of a blanket laid on the ground, and moan and sob, commencing softly, and getting louder and louder until they finish.


STANLEY BERKELEY

SAVING THE MAIL.

YEARS ago, before there were any railroads in the West, the mail was carried on horseback, and many were the narrow escapes of the bold riders from Indians and other dangers. One of these escapes is described in our picture, and we will tell it in the words of the chief actor in the little drama. "It was a terrible dark night, and both me and the pony were feeling very beat. Suddenly some Indians jumped out and fired point-blank at my head. The pony swerved and the bullet did no damage. I shoved the spurs into my little nag, and galloped into a stream that ran in front. We landed in deep water, and I slipped off the saddle. As I did so, I saw a party of Indians running to cut me off. I clutched the mail-bag and dashed into the brush, and finally, after many narrow escapes, reached the settlements."


STANLEY BERKELEY

THE LASSO.

IN the hands of an experienced man the lasso is a terrible weapon, as well as a useful aid on the stock-ranch. Try as he may, no man can escape the fatal coil, which, whirling through the air, settles around his neck, or, slipping lower, pins his arms to his side, and thus renders him helpless. The victim once caught, the lasso thrower sets spurs to his horse, and dashes off, dragging his prisoner behind him. Bears are often hunted with the lasso. Approached by the hunters, the bear raises himself on his haunches. At that moment the lassos are thrown, and the hunters gallop off in opposite directions. When the ropes are drawn taut, Bruin is naturally helpless. He cannot move in any direction. If only two lassos are around him, he may break one; but when several hunters lasso him, there is practically no danger.

A CHIEF'S REPENTANCE.

SOME Indians were once pursued by an enormous pack of wolves. The chief of the party, knowing that their only safety was to reach a certain deserted stockade, deliberately shot the horse of one of his followers. Horse and man fell to the ground, and in an instant the wolves were upon them. Meanwhile, the other Indians reached the enclosure in safety. But the grim chief felt no joy. Hour after hour he sat motionless, wrapped in his blanket. Being a chief, he should have sacrificed himself to save his men; but instead he had sacrificed another. Finally, with an imperious motion he summoned his men. He spoke but a few words: "He who is afraid to die is not fit to live." Then, stripping off all tokens of his rank, he opened the gate, and with bowed head passed out to meet death.

THE LITTLE HOSTAGE.

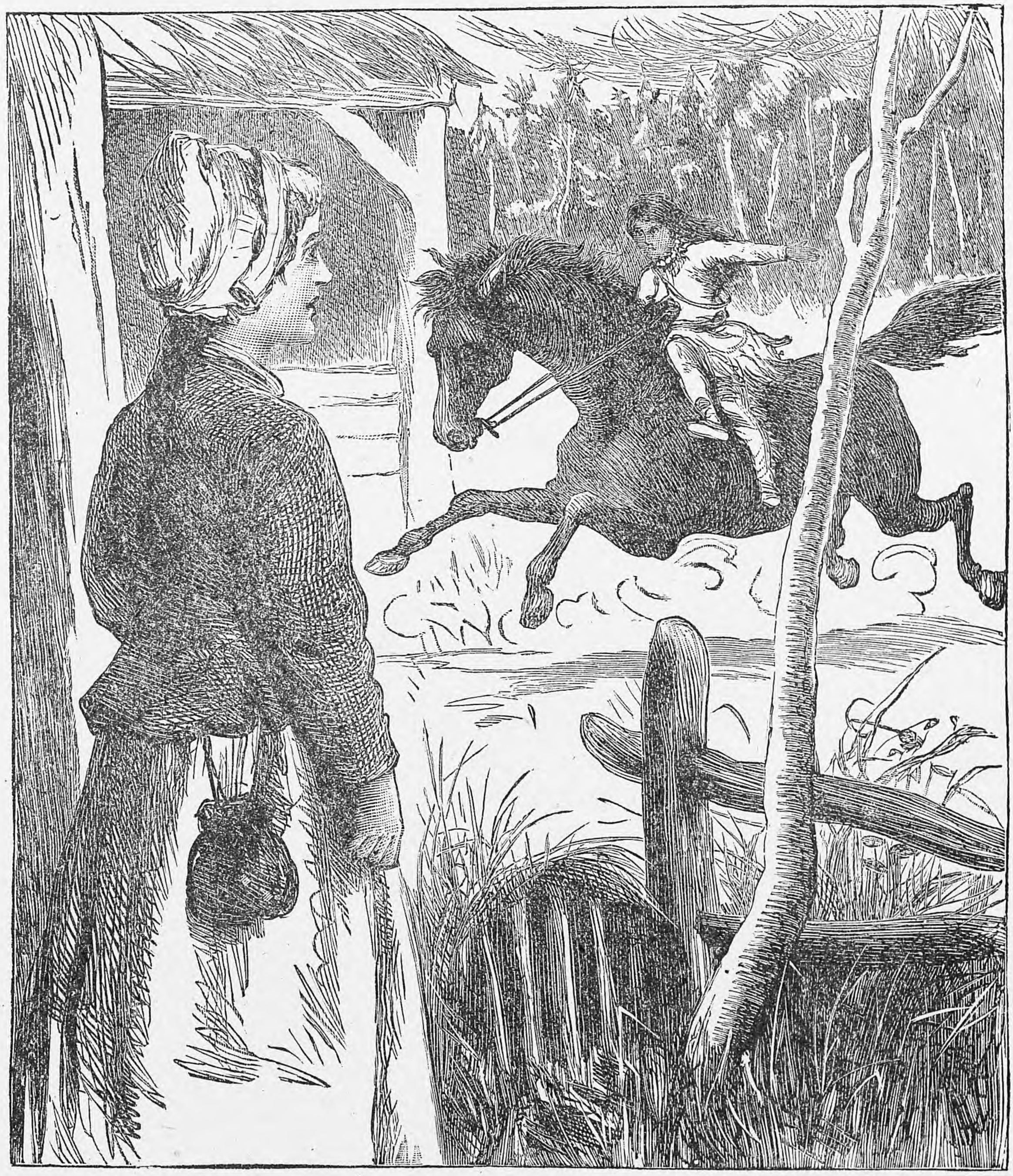
EARLY in this century a gentleman settled in the western part of New York, — then a veritable wilderness. He had with him his widowed daughter and her little boy. He was anxious to make friends with the Indians, but their head chief held aloof. Finally the chief consented to have a talk with the settler. The latter asked for the chief's friendship and protection; but the Indian replied that he did not trust the white man, and must have a pledge of his sincerity. He demanded that the little boy be given up to him, but promised to bring him back in a month, and then to be the settler's friend. The settler consented, and the Indian departed with the child. Exactly a month later the Indian returned, with the little boy at his side. "The white man has conquered," said the chief; "you have trusted the Indian, and he will repay you."

OUR LITTLE GUEST.

ONE night we heard a tap at the door of our cabin, and on opening the door in walked a little Indian girl. She said that her tribe had obtained some liquor and were all drinking at a fearful rate. At such times the Indian is dangerous, and these carousals nearly always end in crime and murder. Little Chitto was terrified almost out of her senses; and when she saw the knives, tomahawks, and pistols doing their deadly work, she fled through the storm and darkness, only anxious to get away from the dreadful scene, until she caught the glimmer of the light in our window, when she hastened to it and asked our hospitality. My mother removed the damp clothes from the child, gave her hot, refreshing tea, and did everything in her power to make her comfortable for the night.

A TIMELY WARNING.

I HAVE told you how Chitto, the little Sioux maiden, came to us for shelter when her tribe were maddened by liquor. It was not long before she repaid us for our kindness. We had begun to feel very uneasy about the Indians. They had become discontented, and an outbreak was feared. We knew that our cabin would be one of the first points of attack. One morning we heard the sound of a galloping horse. It came nearer and nearer, and finally little Chitto, mounted on a fiery black mustang, dashed into view. "Quick, quick," she cried, "Indians coming!" A few words explained all; the Indians had risen! Chitto had overheard them planning to attack our house, and had slipped off to warn us. Thanks to her timely warning, we had time to reach the fort, where we remained in safety until the rising had been put down.

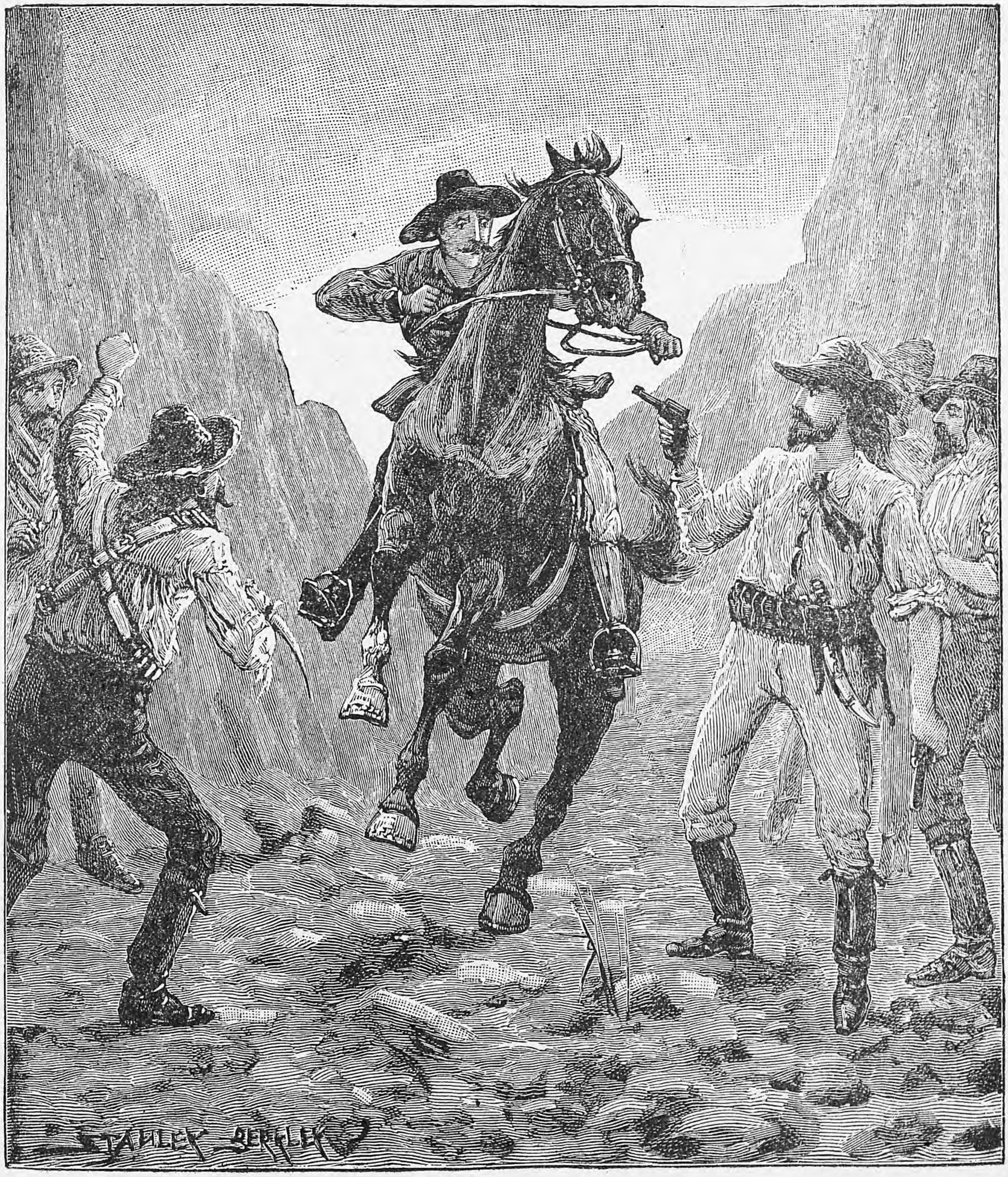


BENNETT'S ESCAPE.

THE principal chief of the Arapahoes called together three hundred warriors and marched for Atlantic City, as it is called (a small town in the Wind River Valley). Four companies of cavalry camped near the place just before the Arapahoe warriors appeared. A young man, named Bennett, saw them first, as he was driving his mules from the pasture. The Indians at once surrounded him and marched for the town, to kill him in sight of the village, where, unknown to them, the troops were encamped. On coming up to the top of a hill, the camp was in full view, and only a few hundred yards away. Bennett shouted at once for help, and, running as hard as he could, soon got into camp safe and sound. The sight of the military astonished the Indians, so that they did not try to recapture Bennett, but made good time to escape.

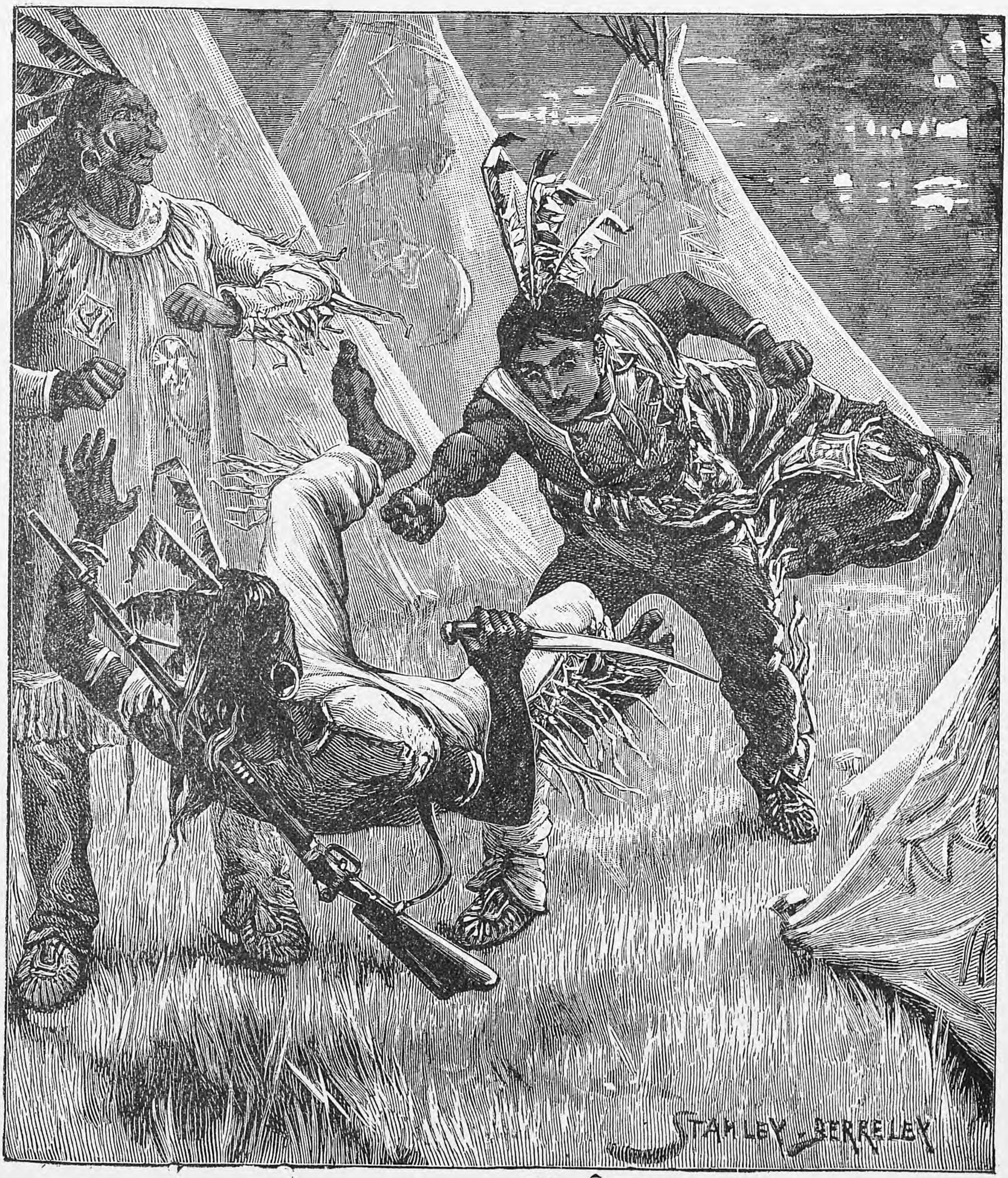
HELD UP.

AT one time California was so infested with bandits that travellers were often stopped and robbed; in fact, travelling became so dangerous that only well-armed parties dared to venture far from the camps, and the Government was obliged to furnish escorts of soldiers whenever gold was to be brought from the mining camps. Early in 1852 a miner, disregarding the advice of his friends, started alone to ride to a neighbouring camp. Suddenly he was set upon by a dozen robbers. He could not defend himself against so many, so he had to submit while he was deprived of his money, weapons, and horse. The robbers then went off, leaving him to pursue his way on foot. Upon reaching the camp, he raised a party of miners and set off in pursuit of the robbers. They were overtaken, and a desperate fight ensued.


TAPLEY-BERTLEY

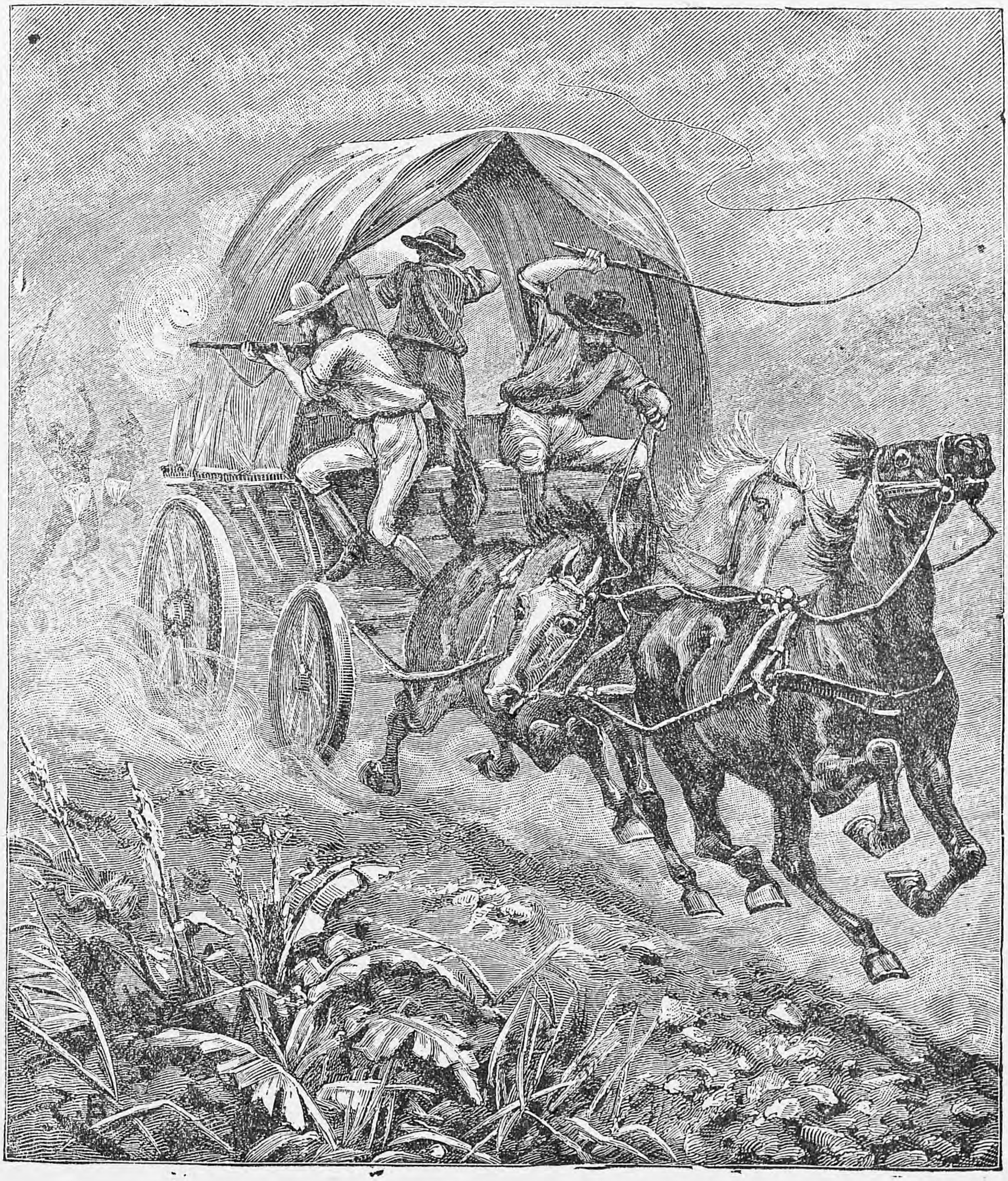
ADVENTURE OF A SCOUT.

ARMY scouts on the plains have many narrow escapes. One of them was ordered to get definite information regarding the movements of a large body of Blackfeet Indians, known to be somewhere near. The scout dressed himself as a Blackfoot brave and started to search for the Indian camp. Finally he discovered it, and, waiting until night came, boldly walked around among the wigwams, and by listening to the conversation, learned all he wanted to know. Then he thought it was time to leave; but just as he got to the outskirts of the camp two young braves appeared, and one of them, approaching, looked him squarely in the face. Then he turned and gave an ugly grin at his companion. The scout saw he was discovered, so he knocked down the nearest Indian, and, dashing by the other, escaped.


STANLEY BERKELEY

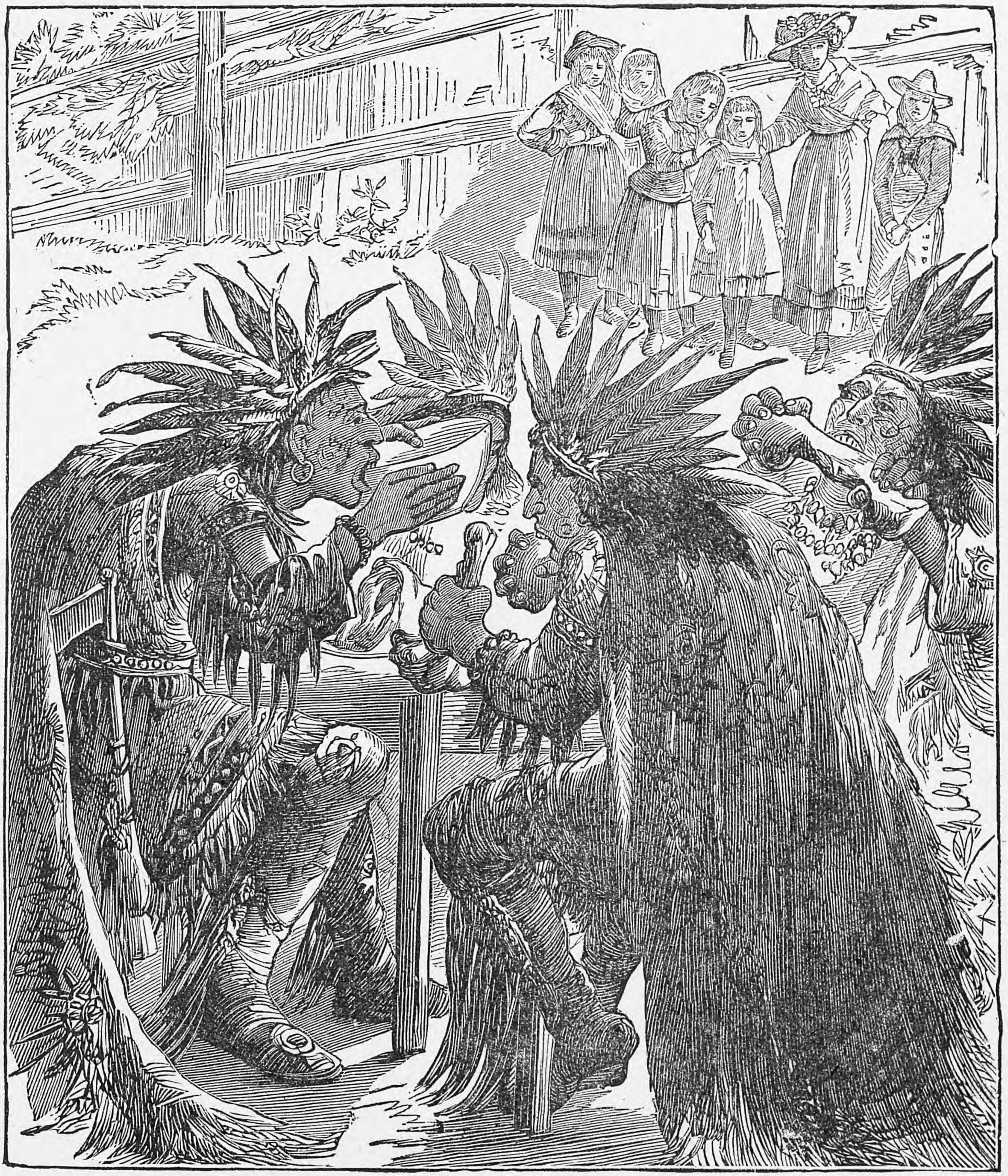
A RUNNING FIGHT.

A WAGGON, while crossing the prairie, was suddenly attacked by a large party of Indians. Luckily the assailants were on foot or it would have gone hard with the three men in the waggon. As it was they were in the greatest danger. If the Indians should succeed in killing or even wounding any of the horses, it would be all up with the little party. One man kept the horses at their highest speed, while the others with their repeating rifles kept the Indians at bay. The critical time was when the Indians first surrounded the waggon; but when the frightened horses had broken through the circle of redmen the danger was greatly lessened, since the body of the waggon protected the horses. The Indians were gradually left behind; but as long as they had any chance they continued to fire, in hopes that a lucky shot would hit a horse.



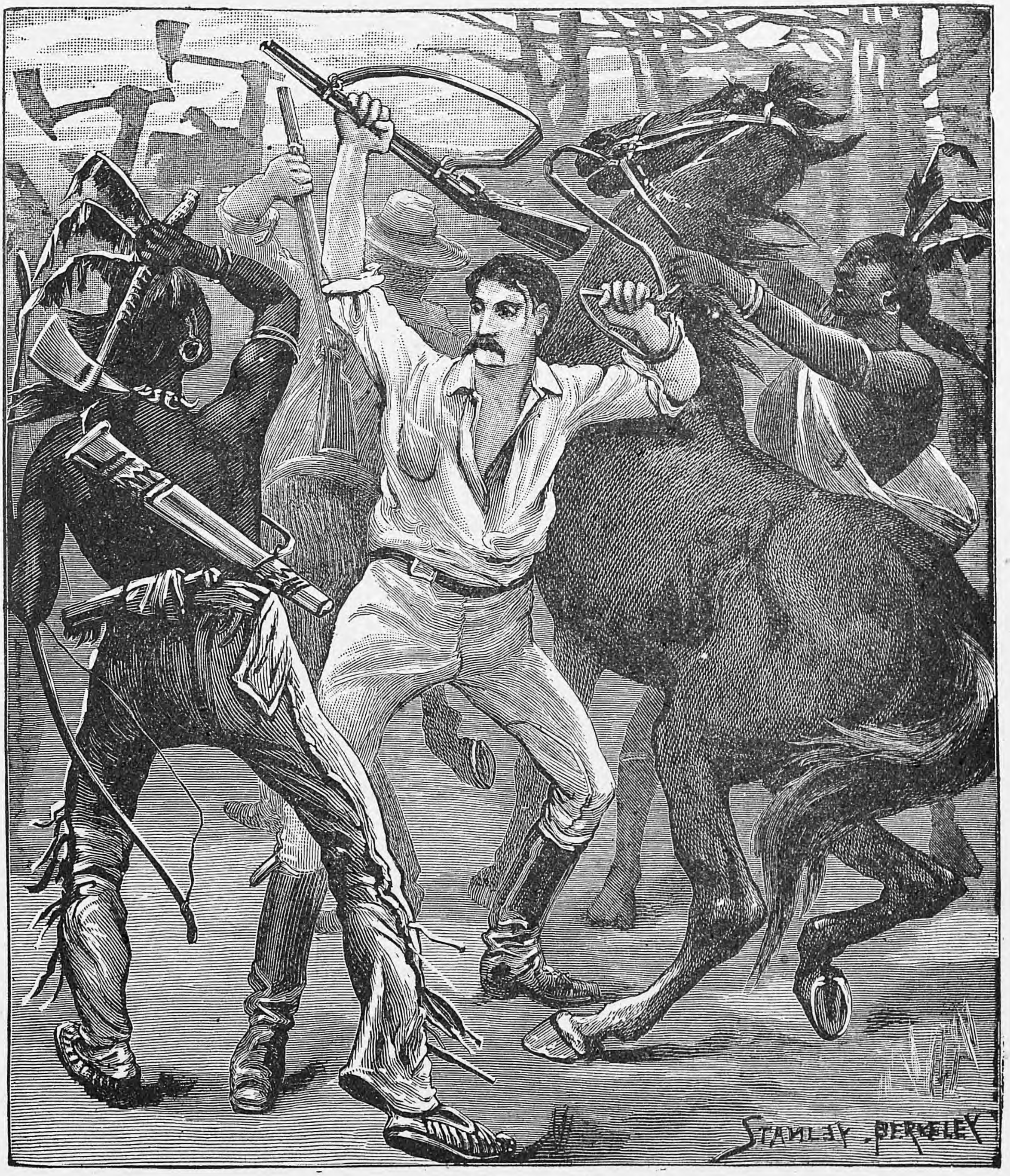
AN INDIAN MEAL.

BOYS would be surprised to see how much an Indian can eat at a single meal. The Indians eat right along, till they have gorged themselves and can eat no more. Perhaps it is because they seldom get what is called "a square meal." One day four chiefs came to Fort Russell, to see about getting rations for their tribe. They soon found their way to the commanding officer at headquarters. He gave each one a cigar, which they puffed away at for some time. At last one of them made a motion to his mouth, signifying they were hungry. But the general would not take the hint. A lady, however, took pity on them, and brought some meat, biscuit, and bread, and I made them some coffee. They ate and ate till we thought they 'd split, and then asked permission to carry off in a bag what they could not stow away in their capacious stomachs.



TWO AGAINST FOUR.

A SMALL party of trappers were once encamped near a stream where game was plenty. One morning they started out in different directions, leaving two of their number in charge of the camp. A trapper named Abbey, happening to return to the camp, saw these two men, who were called Bill and Tom, struggling with four Indians. The redmen had resolved to make a dash, and carry off the horses. This bold attempt had been frustrated by the interference of Tom and Bill. Then the tussle began. One horse had been secured by an Indian, who was on the point of riding off when Bill dragged him to the ground; then the men closed in deadly combat. Abbey saw that he had arrived just in time. Rushing forward, he fired at the foremost of the foe. The redskin fell to the ground; but the others escaped.


STANLEY . BERKELEY

INDIAN DANCES.

THE American Indians have numerous dances, and they are all weird and interesting. They are the war dance, the scalp dance, the sun dance, the ghost dance, and many others. The friendly Indians around the Western forts often entertain the officers and their wives with one of these dances. They dress themselves in all their finery, paint their faces with horrible devices, and are then ready for the performance. The squaws squat around and beat the native drums, keeping up a monotonous chant, while the braves hop around brandishing their weapons and yelling like demons. Each dance has its own movement, the war dance being the fiercest, the scalp dance the most terrifying, and the ghost dance the most weird. Each tribe has a different dance as regards the particulars; but in their general features they are very much the same.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

JOHN STEDMAN was once the hero of a wonderful escape from the Indians. He had been captured and bound to a tree while his captors decided on his fate. An Indian stood near him; but he was paying little attention to the prisoner. Stedman's bonds were not securely fastened, and he gradually worked himself free. Suddenly he seized the tomahawk of the unsuspecting Indian, felled him with one blow, and dashed into the woods. After a moment of surprise a large number of Indians started in pursuit. Then began a race for life. Stedman dashed blindly on, and soon distanced most of his pursuers. Two of them, however, gradually gained upon him; but when the nearest was only a few feet behind him, the desperate man leaped to one side and brained him with the tomahawk. The other gave up the pursuit.

THE YOUNG LOOKOUT.

THE fierce assault on the block-house was over, and the Indians had retired; but a feeling of despair came over the settlers when they found that only nine of their men were still able to continue the defence. Among those seriously hurt was Robert Vane, who had stood in the little turret reporting the movements of the enemy. Now, with a low moan he sank down. Then young Archie Edgar sprang forward. "Father," he said, "some one must take Robert's place; let me go up. I cannot shoot so well as the others, but my eyes are as keen." So the brave boy took his place in the exposed turret. Suddenly his voice was heard, "Father, they are coming again!" Each man sprang to his post, to resist this new attack. The Indians advanced with loud whoops, but a large party of settlers came up and dispersed them.

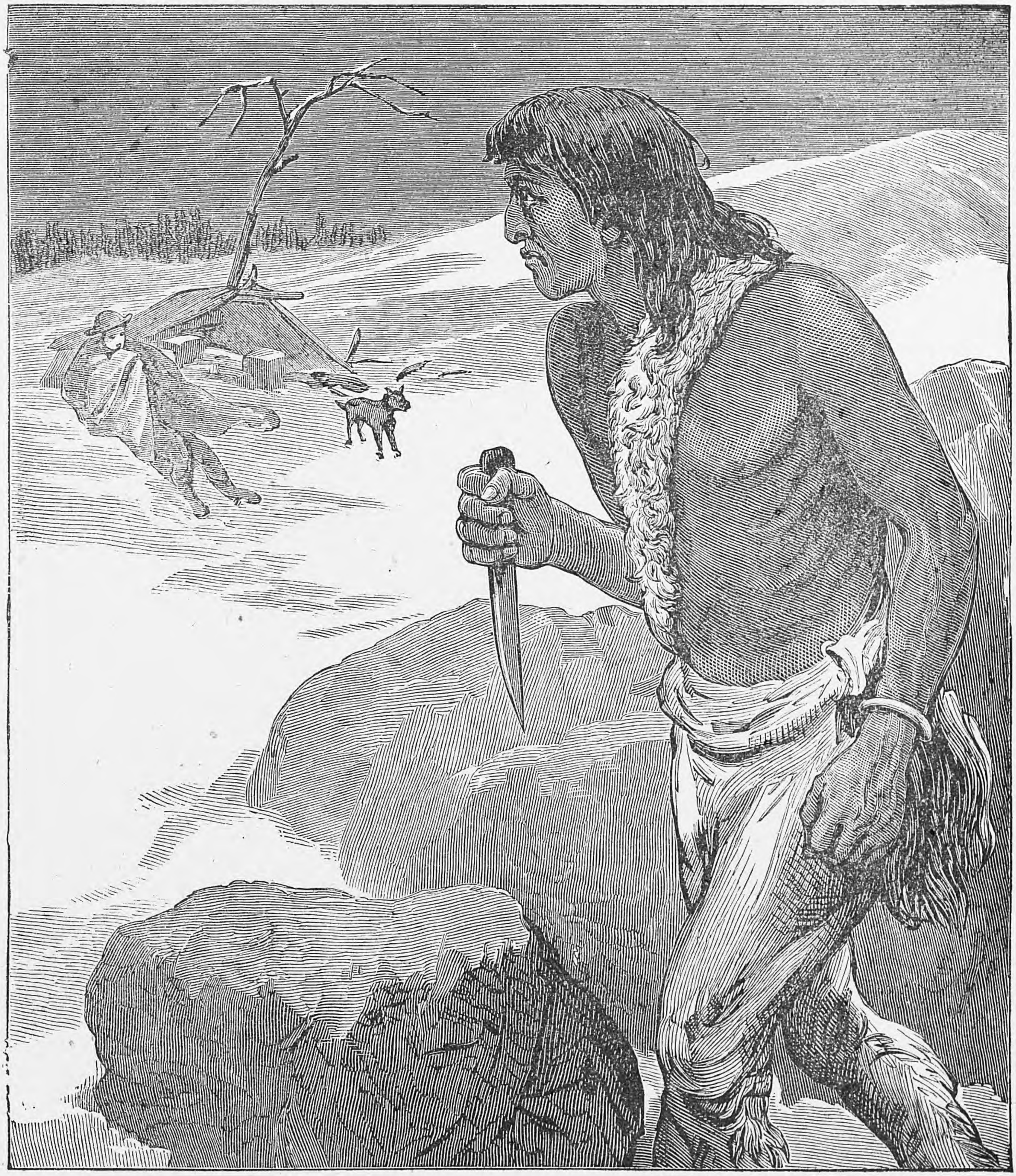
AN EXPLODED GUN.

TWO hunters once mounted their horses and started to look for game. Finally they saw some antelopes in the distance. By careful manœuvring they got within gunshot of their quarry, and both dismounted in order to take better aim. One of the men was a careless sort of fellow, and had stupidly left in the muzzle of his gun the rags which were to prevent it from rusting. Together the hunters took aim and fired. A terrible explosion was heard, and the gun flew to pieces, while the hunter clapped his hands to his face with a cry of anguish. He was terribly burned and cut, but had escaped any fatal injury. It was a lesson to him, however, to be more careful in the future, and from that time on he was more particular in seeing that his gun was in condition for use. He thus avoided a second accident.

STANLEY BERKELEY

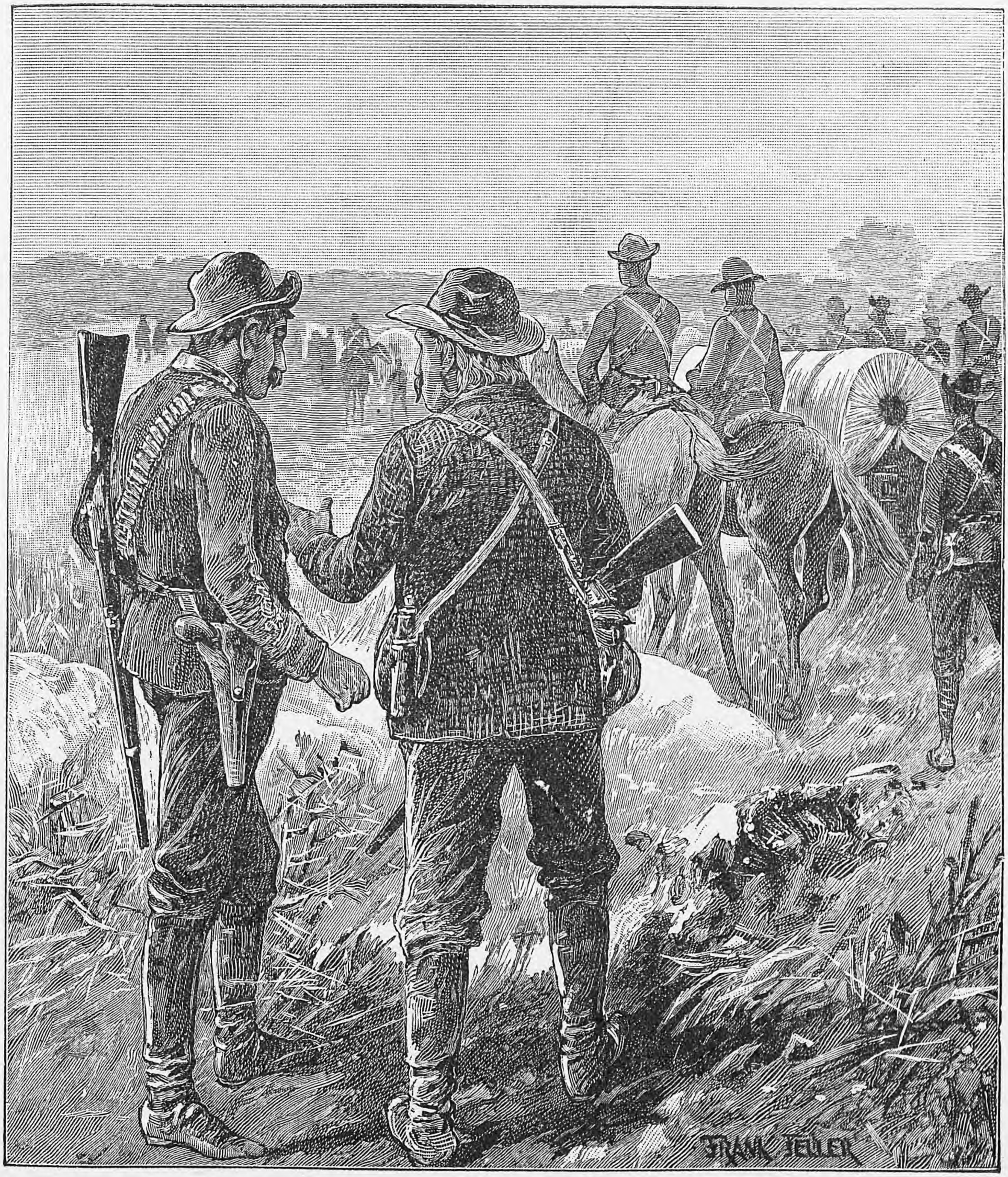
THE TREACHEROUS GUIDE.

LOUIS KELLY, with a single Indian guide, had penetrated deep into the wilderness in search of game. He had been warned to keep an eye on his guide; but he laughed at the idea of danger. One night he was awakened by the movements of the guide, who had taken up his rifle. He seized his revolver, and they fired simultaneously. The Indian was unhurt, and dashed out into the darkness; but Kelly was shot in the leg. Fortunately, there was only one load in the rifle. The Indian, however, had his knife, and all through the long hours of the night he prowled around, hoping to catch the other off his guard; but the wounded man kept sharp watch. At daybreak the Indian took himself off; but it was several days before Louis was found and brought to the settlement.



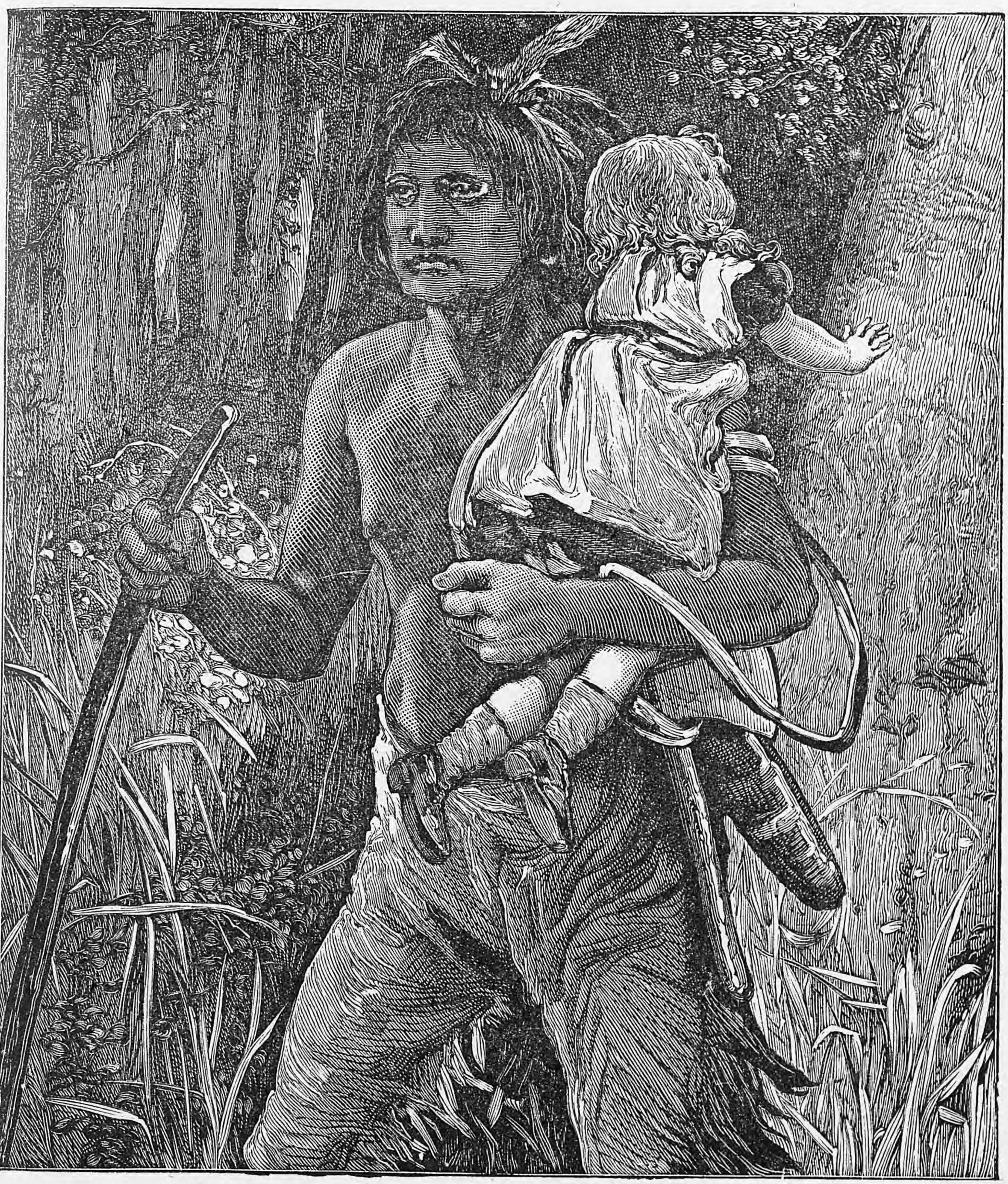
OUR WESTERN ARMY.

AMERICANS do well to be proud of the record of our little Western army. Although it consists of but a few thousand men and is scattered over a vast territory, it has taught the Indians that no lawlessness or crime will pass unpunished. Always on the alert, ready at a moment's notice to start in pursuit of some band that has broken from the reservation, or to hasten to the assistance of some small hamlet threatened by a war party of fierce redmen, the little army has gone on from year to year, ever performing its duty zealously and fearlessly, strong in the consciousness of right, and proud of their position as guardians of the peaceful settlers and their homes. While on the march they present a very rough appearance, with their long boots, slouch hats, and worn clothes; but the Indians have learned to fear and respect them.


FRANK FEELER

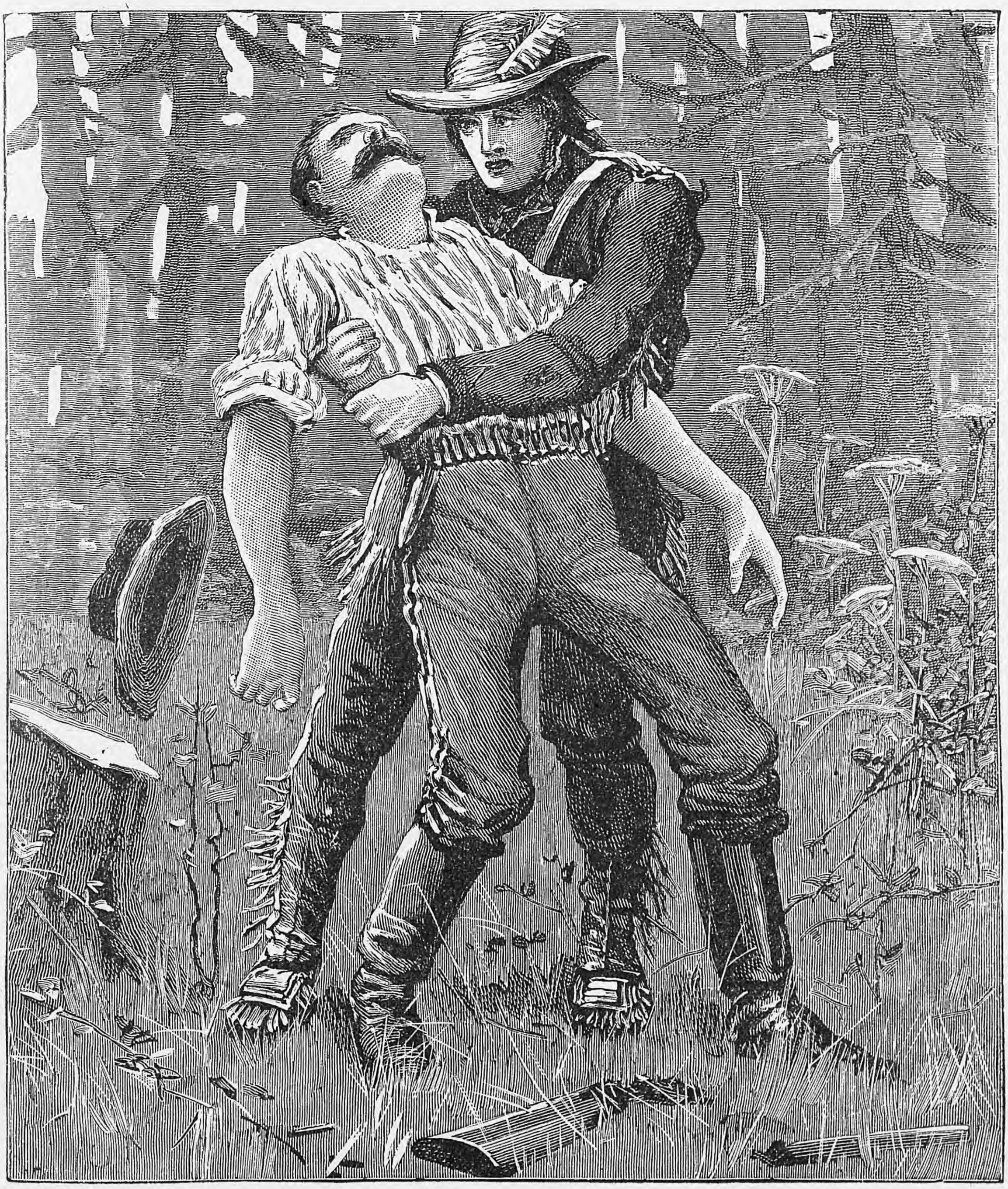
STEALING A CHILD.

THREE young boys, Bill, Ralph, and Archie, once started out for a stroll in the woods, taking with them their little sister Mary. Suddenly the gobbling of a wild turkey was heard, and the two elder boys, leaving Archie with Mary, started in pursuit. Archie stood gazing after his brothers until a rustling in the bushes caused him to turn his head, while at the same time a shriek from Mary echoed through the woods, bringing back Ralph and Bill, their faces blanched with horror and dismay. Alas! it was a dreadful sight that met the distracted gaze of the three lads, — the retreating form of a stalwart Indian was gliding swiftly through the brushwood, the unhappy little girl swung over his shoulder, while her long golden hair hung down behind. "Archie, Archie, help little Mary!" were the last words that reached their ears.



A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

TWO trappers were encamped in the midst of the wilderness. They were nearly two hundred miles from the nearest settlement; but game was plenty, their pile of furs was growing higher and higher, and they were correspondingly happy. One day they started out, as usual, to make the rounds of their traps, when they came across the tracks of a bear. They followed it up, and finally came across his bearship, who, suspecting no danger, was dining quietly off the carcass of some animal. The older of the trappers raised his rifle and fired; but the barrel burst, and a fragment entered his breast. The bear ran off, while the wounded man fell into the arms of his friend. On examination the wound proved serious, but not mortal. A hut was hastily erected, and the wounded man tenderly laid on a bed of boughs.

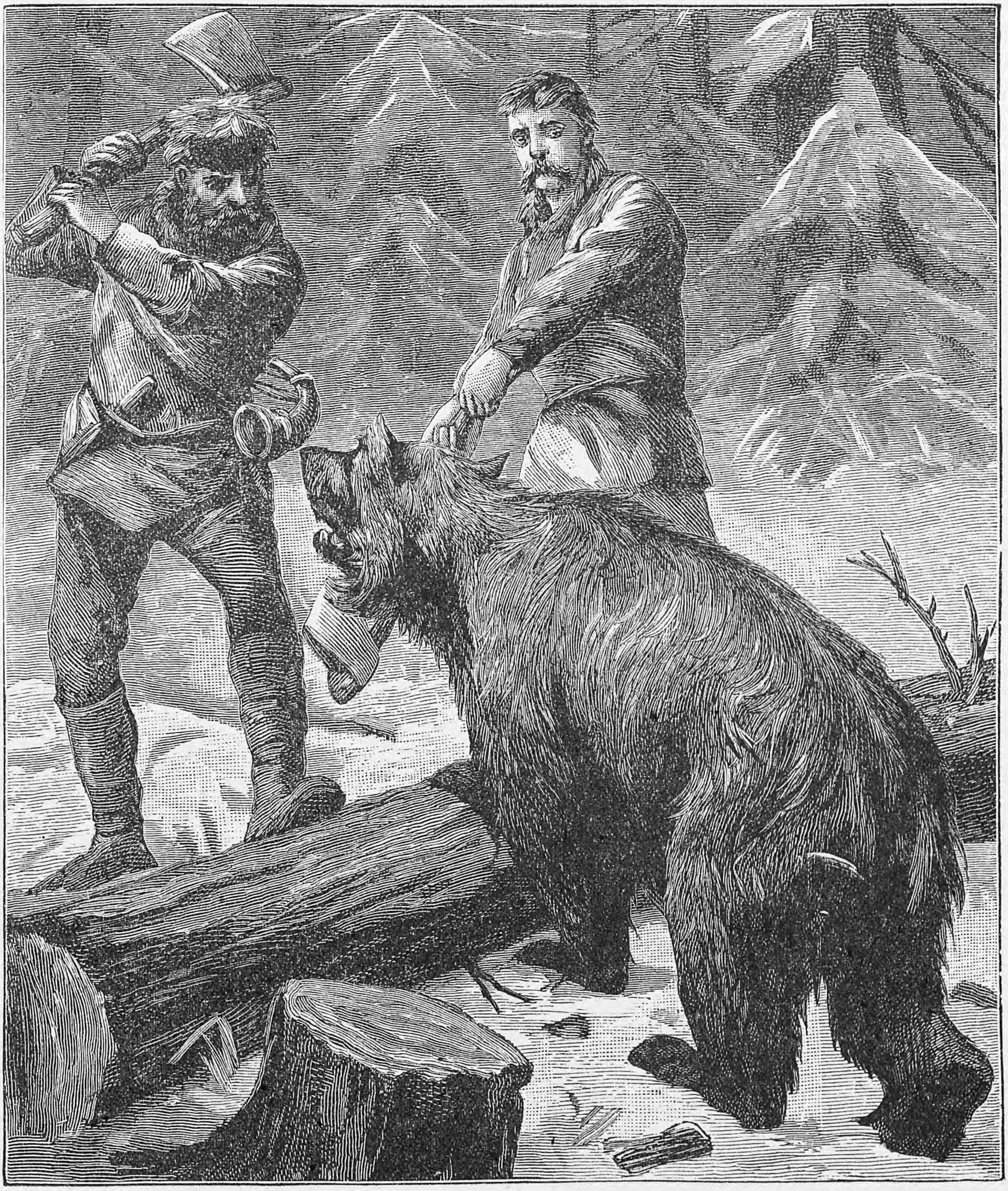


SANCHO.

A SMALL company of settlers were once crossing the plains. They had encamped for the night, when the camp was approached by a solitary Indian, who begged permission to join their party. On being asked his reasons for this request he at last admitted that in a quarrel he had killed a member of his tribe, and that the friends and relatives of the murdered man were on his track. The settlers allowed the Indian to remain, and named him Sancho. One morning, about a week later, Sancho remembered having left his knife at the spot where they had passed the previous night, and so he rode back for it. After several hours they started back to look for him. They found him lying dead, pierced with arrows. His tribe feared to attack him while protected by the white men, and had waited to find him alone.

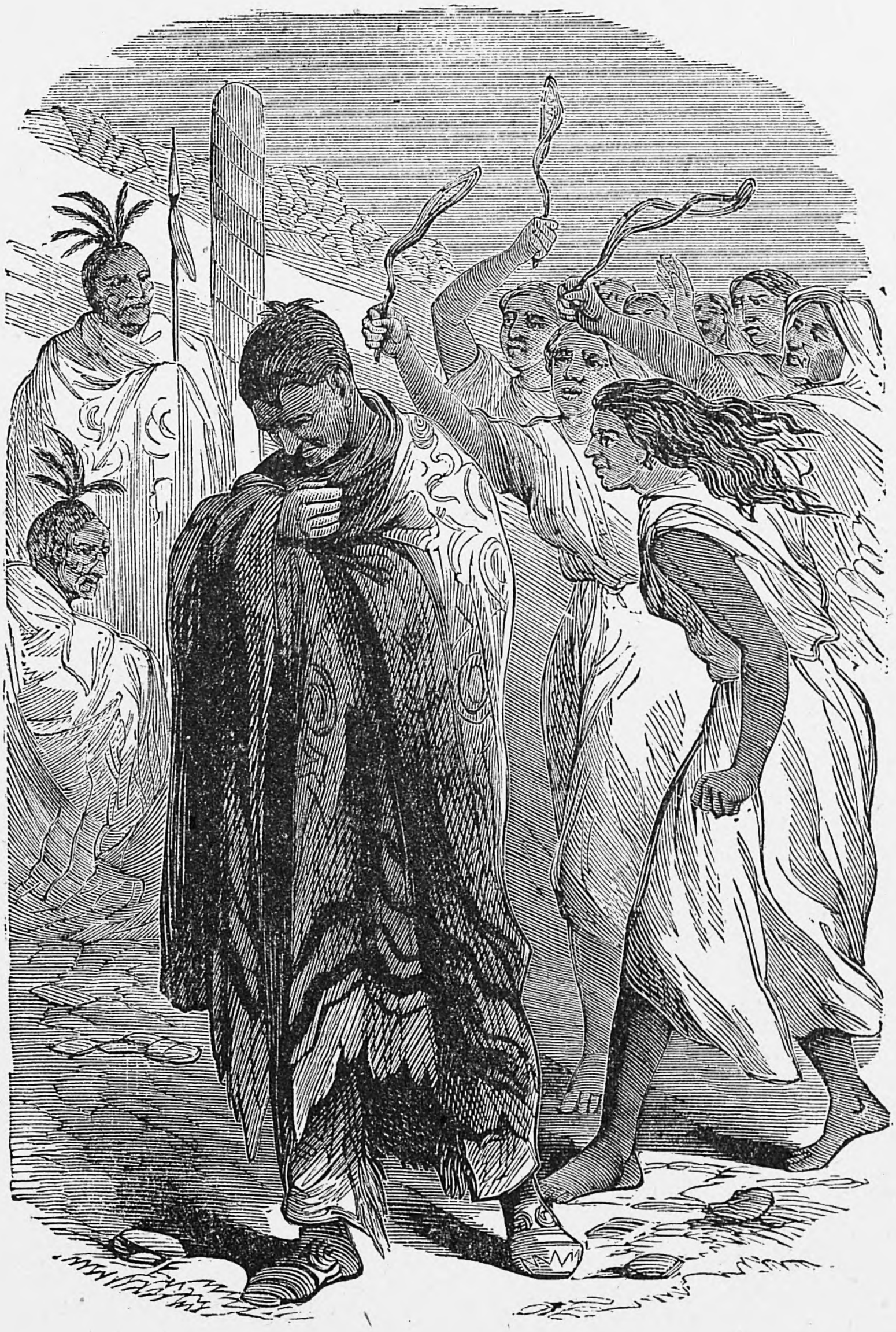
ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

IN the far Northwest two men took their axes and went into the forest to cut wood. It was mid-winter, and the snow was deep on the ground. The choppers attacked a huge tree, and worked with such good will that they soon brought it to the ground. As it fell they were startled by a fierce growl, and a bear sprang through the underbrush and stood before them. Grim and fierce he looked as he faced them, angry that any one should be so bold as to wake him out of his long winter sleep. The woodcutters were unarmed save for their axes; but they stood their ground boldly, with their axes aloft, awaiting the monster's attack. With a growl he started toward them; but was met by two terrific blows, one of which gashed his shoulder, while the other crashed through his skull, and laid him on the ground to rise no more.



DRIVEN FROM HIS TRIBE.

THERE is one crime that Indians cannot forgive, and that is cowardice in battle. A certain chief of the Blackfeet had, in a battle with the Sioux, shown himself a coward at heart. A few days later the whole tribe assembled round the striped post, and the elders held judgment on the chief who had so grievously failed in his duty. The warriors, who previously had watched for his every word and sign, appeared no longer to take any notice of him; they only cast reproachful glances at him. Though he was defended by a few of his relations, he was condemned by a large majority, and cast out in disgrace. The squaws tore down his eagle's feathers, robbed him of his scalps and other marks of honour, and drove him with scourges out of the camp. His goods were divided among the tribe, and all were forbidden to mention his name.

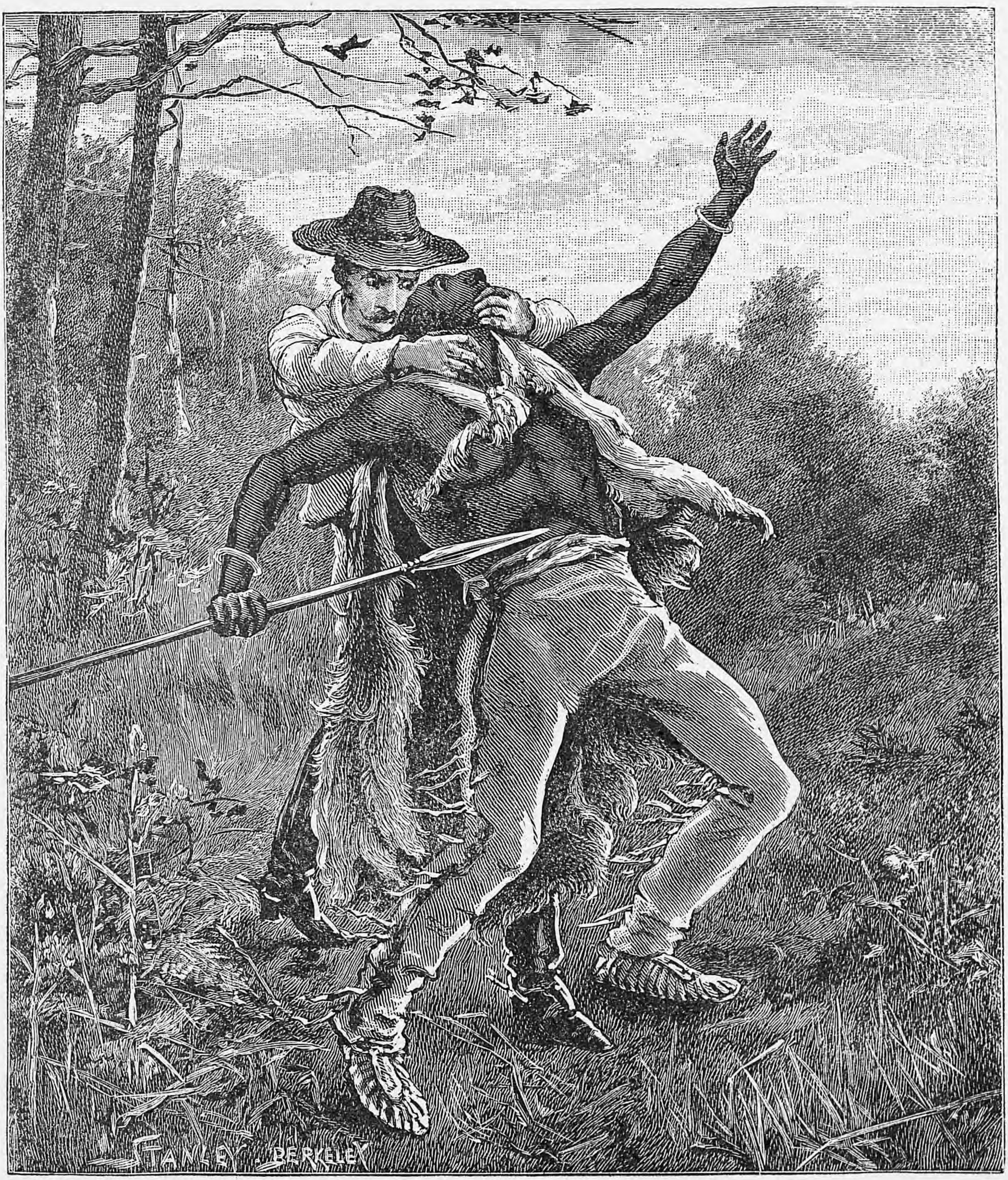


TREED BY A WOLF.

YOUNG Dandie Green once lost his way in the woods. He wandered around for some time, becoming more and more confused. Presently a rustling in the thicket alarmed him, and he climbed up into the branches of a tree. He was not a moment too soon, for a wolf was already prowling about below,—a gaunt, strong, savage animal, looking up at him and howling round and round the tree. Dandie was in a trap. He felt a chill numbness creeping through his veins, and a strange drowsiness overpowering him. Then he knew that the worst had come. If he fell from the tree he would fall into the very jaws of the wolf below. At this moment, however, he heard the hum of voices and the crackling of brushwood; his friends had tracked him, and in less time than it takes to write about it the wolf was dead at the foot of the tree.

THE INDIAN SENTRY.

TWO trappers had made their headquarters in a cave. One evening after they had entered the cave, and as usual concealed the opening by a careful arrangement of branches, a large war party of Indians rode up, dismounted, and began to make preparations as if for several days' stop. The trappers had no water in the cave, and so at the end of twenty-four hours decided to make an effort to escape. At midnight they left the cave and began to steal through the encampment. Suddenly they espied an Indian sentry. He must be passed, so one of the trappers began to crawl toward the unsuspecting redman. Waiting till his back was turned, he suddenly clapped one hand over his mouth, and caught him fast around the neck with the other. In silence he was thrown to the ground and gagged, with his arms and legs firmly fastened.


STANLEY J. BERKLEY

BIM AND HIS BROTHER.

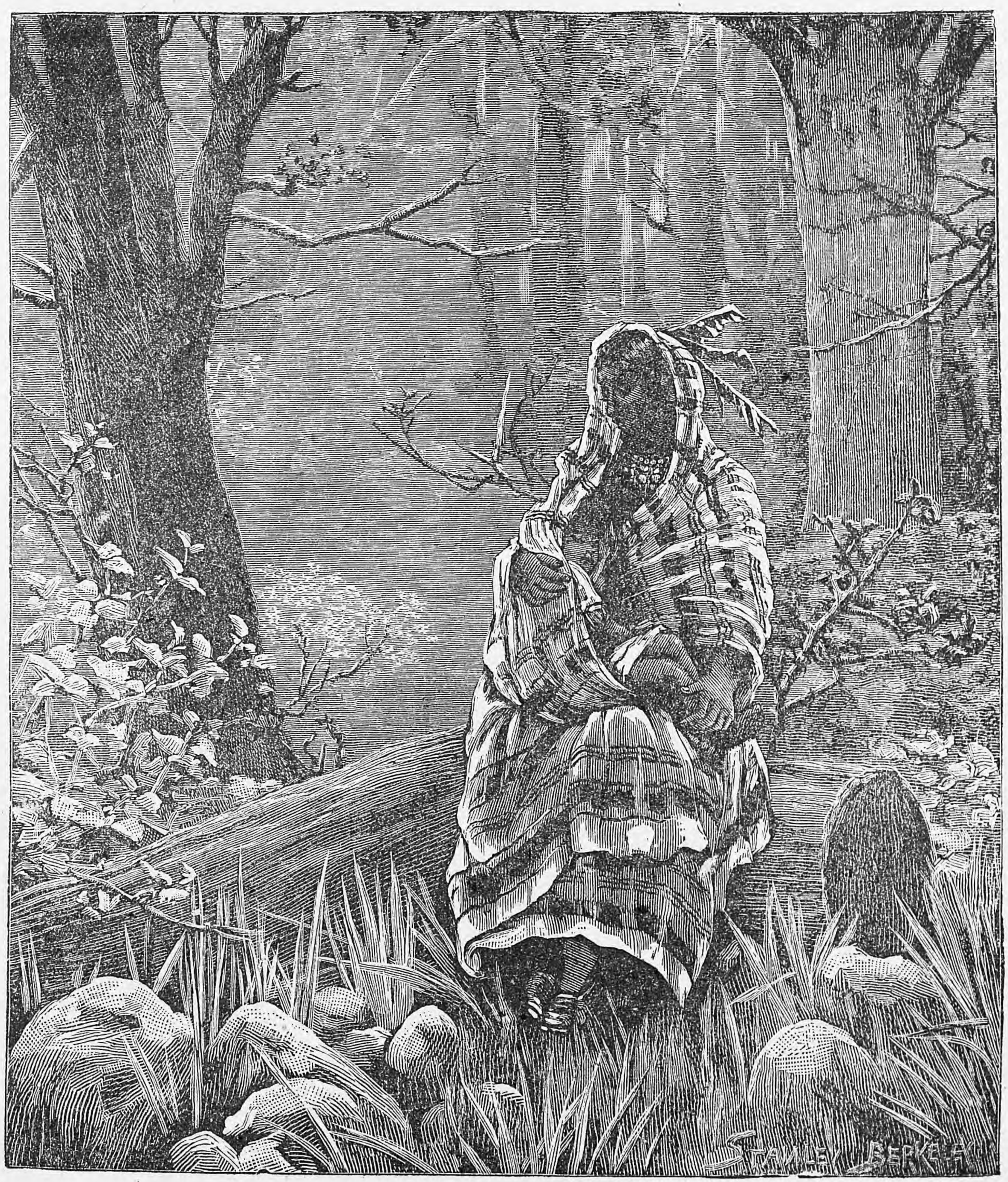
THE following sad story of the violent death of his brother was told me by an old trapper, familiarly called Bim. He and his brother had got separated while chasing a big-horn. Bim had heard his brother's gun, and concluded that he had shot the game they were in search of. He therefore took things easily, and did not hurry to his brother. When at length he did find him, the poor fellow was in the last agonies of death, having been overtaken by a grizzly in a place where there was no shelter or way of escape. His bullet had not killed the animal, and the enraged beast, hugging him in his huge jaws, had torn the trapper's face and chest with his teeth in a terrible manner. Bim was just in time to give the monster another bullet, which closed his career, and to fetch water and attend to his poor brother in his dying moments.

A VIGILANT SENTINEL.

A SMALL party of adventurers were encamped in an open plain. As was customary, one man kept guard while the others slept. The guard in the early part of the night was a young man, new to the wild life of the plains. His watch was nearly over when he saw a crouching figure moving stealthily toward him. Throwing forward his rifle, he challenged, but received no answer. He did not dare to go forward to investigate, for the prowler might not be alone; so hastily entering the tent he aroused his companions. A few words explained the situation, and the whole party seized their weapons and left the tent. One of them raised his rifle and fired at random. At the sound, not one, but three men sprang from the long grass and fled into the darkness. Their object had undoubtedly been murder and robbery.

ALONE AND HELPLESS.

SOME hunters were passing through the woods when suddenly they came upon an Indian squaw. She was seated on a fallen tree, and held in her arms a sleeping baby. At first the hunters feared that there were Indians in the neighbourhood, and questioned her sharply; but her sad story quickly reassured them. Her husband had been driven from his tribe because of his friendliness to the whites, and she had gone with him. They had intended to go to another tribe, where they knew that they would be well received; but the luckless Indian had been killed in an encounter with a bear, and thus the poor squaw was left alone and helpless in the vast forest with her little one. This had happened two days before, and since then she had not touched food. The hunters took her with them, and finally sent her back to her tribe.


STANLEY BERKLEY

THE FALCON BOYS.

CHARLES and Henry Falcon once started out for a week's hunting. The home they left was not a comfortable house in the city, but a rough log cabin in the midst of the wilderness. As they left the house, their father cautioned them to be careful, as he had learned that day of the near presence of a body of hostile Indians; but the boys spent the whole week without a glimpse of an enemy, and at last started for home. It was growing dark as they approached the house, and they quickened their footsteps to reach their home in time for the evening meal. Suddenly the sky was lit by a ruddy glare. Dashing to the top of the intervening hill, they beheld the log cabin on fire, and surrounded by a mob of Indians. They knew they could not help their parents, and so returned to the woods for safety.

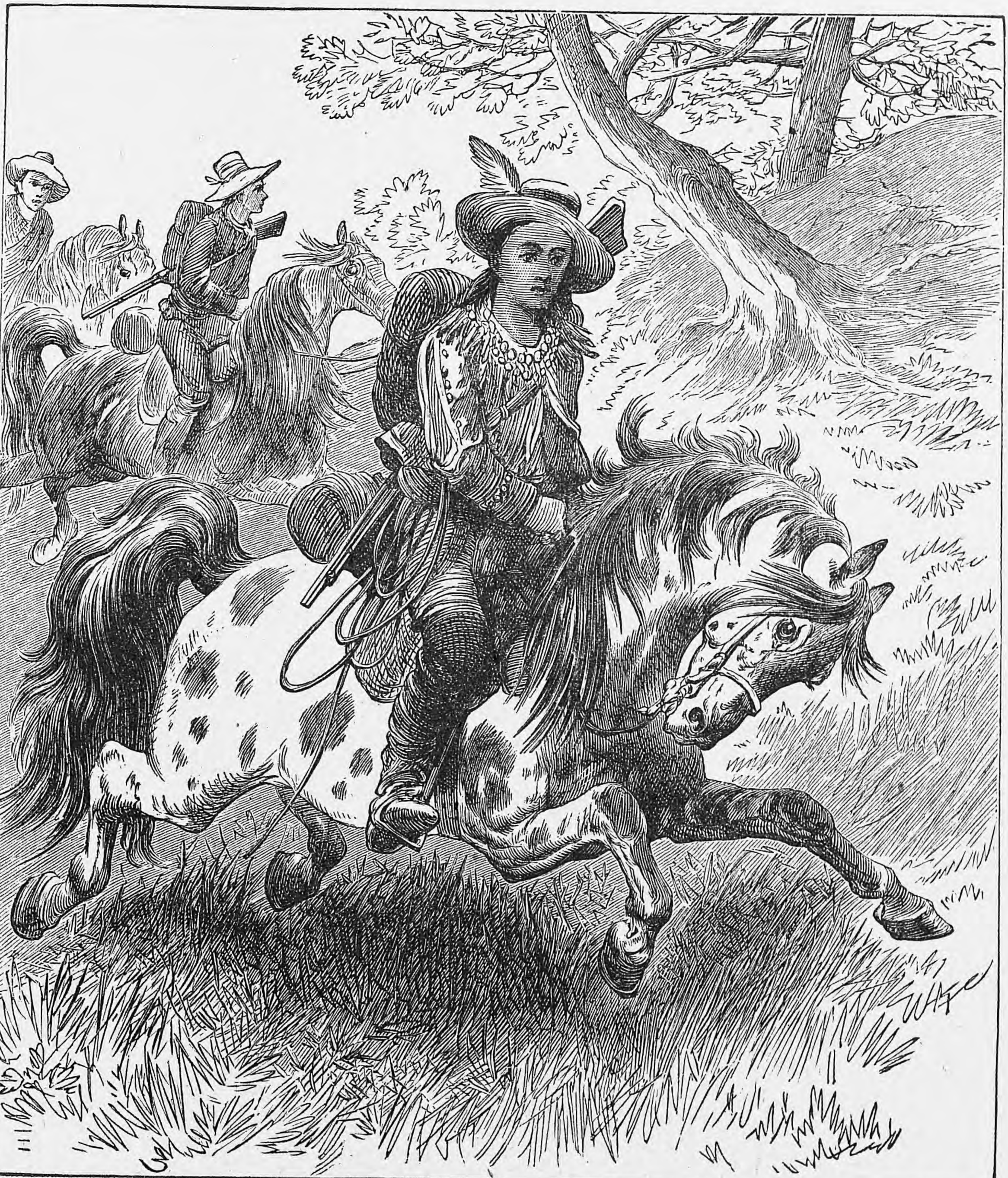
TWO AGAINST ONE.

A NUMBER of trappers were once encamped in the territory of the hostile Comanches, when one of their number came in and reported that he had found traces of a large war party. Tom Shortley, the bravest of the trappers, left the camp to reconnoitre. In about two hours he returned, but in a very sad condition. He had encountered two of the redmen, who had at once assumed a threatening appearance, though they were too much afraid of his rifle to venture very near. They, however, wheeled round and round him in different directions, so as to confuse him if possible. But he took things very coolly, and let fly a shot at the nearest man, which broke his arm, and caused him to gallop off, followed by his companion. The latter sent an arrow at the trapper, which hit him on the neck, inflicting a serious wound.

STANLEY BERKELEY

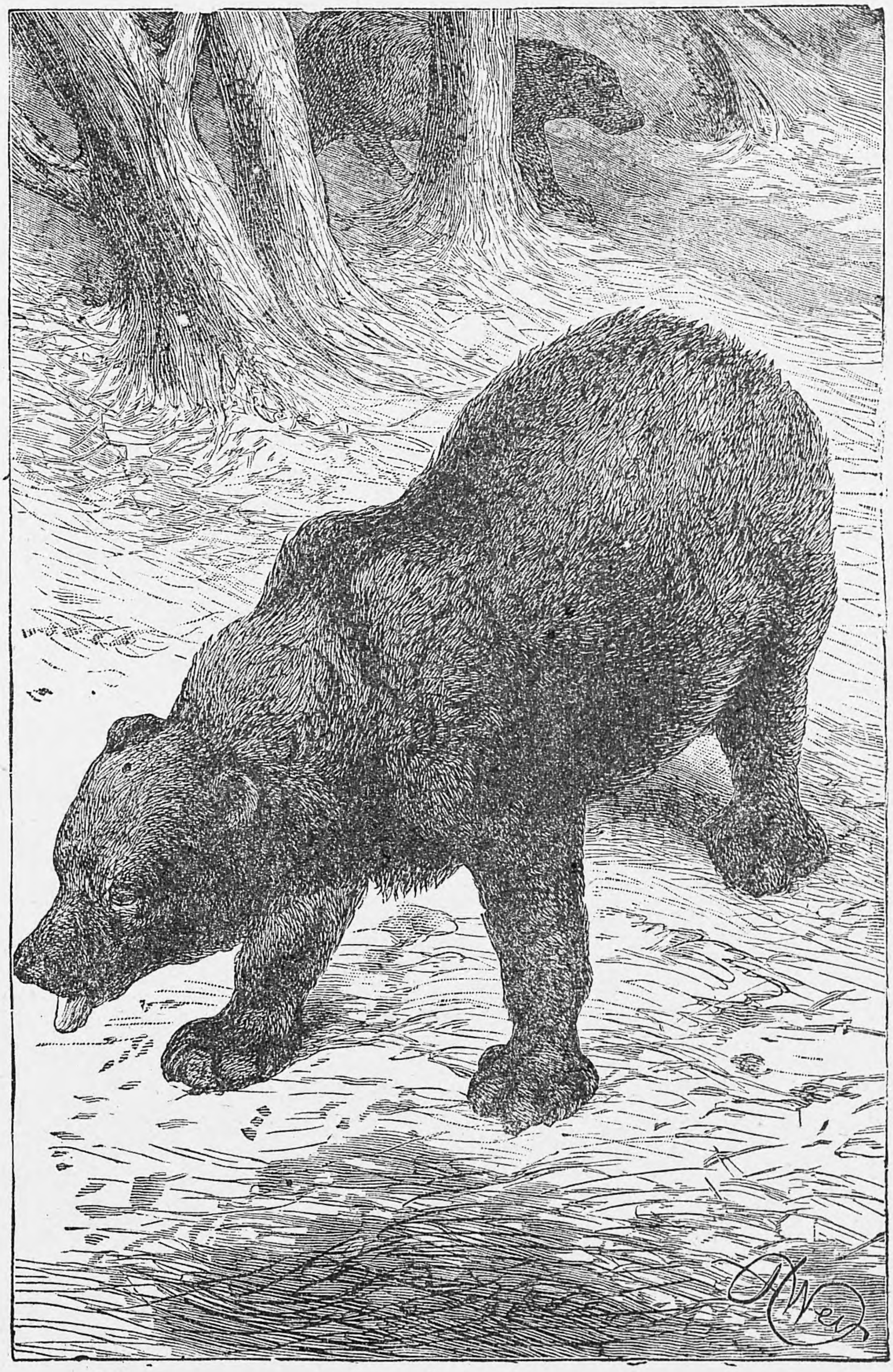
ADVENTURE OF A HALF-BREED.

THE following incident is related by a young half-breed, who, with two companions, had been trapping on the bank of the Big Blue River. "One night we returned home as usual, but found that our camp had been visited by Indians, who had taken all they could lay hands on. Our only course was to leave that neighbourhood and seek a safer one. We therefore started without an hour's delay for the Agency. We had scarcely gone more than half the distance, however, before we saw a party of Indians approaching us. They dashed up with a terrible war-whoop, shooting at us and then turning away. They had not done this more than two or three times before Conseane's gun laid one of their warriors low. This repulse put an end to the attack for the moment, and we used our opportunity to push for the Agency."



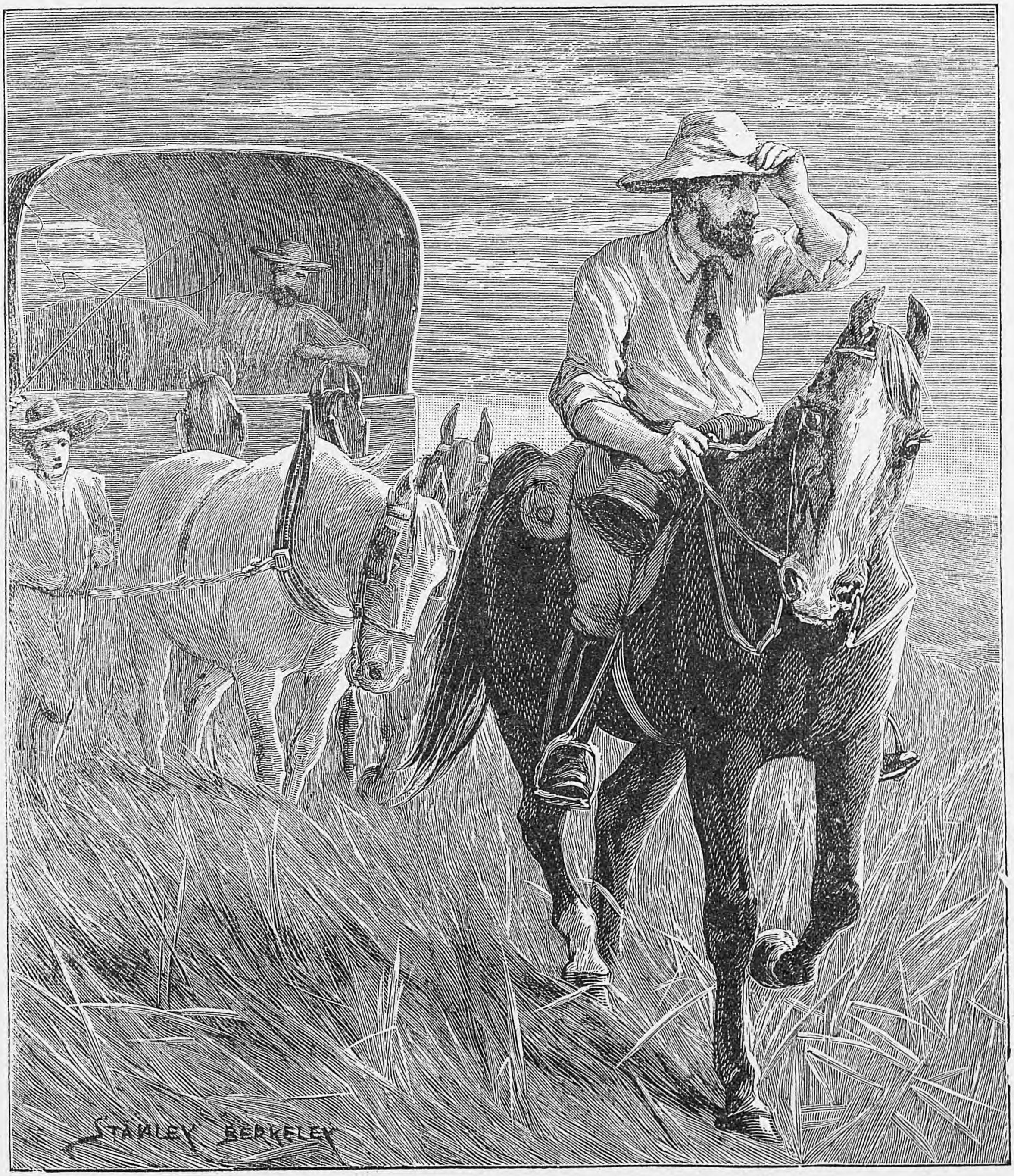
THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN BEAR.

THE various members of the bear family are distinguished from the other flesh-eating animals by walking on the whole sole of the foot. They cannot leap or run swiftly. Bears are found in Europe, Asia, and America,—both in warm and cold latitudes, the species belonging to cold climates being in general fiercer than others. Bears have never been found in Africa, nor are any known to belong to Australia. They may roughly be divided into four varieties: the common brown bear of Europe, the black bear of America, the ferocious grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, and the white or polar bear. The grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains is very large and fierce. No animal of the New World is more formidable than this. It sometimes measures more than nine feet in length, and its strength is enormous.



THE PIONEERS.

WHEN the great movement toward the West first began, travel was by no means so easy and rapid as it is to-day. There were no railroads, and the hardy pioneer had to carry his household goods by means of clumsy wagons, drawn by patient oxen or sturdy horses. It was not only a slow and toilsome journey, but one full of hardship and danger. Even if the roving bands of hostile Indians were successfully avoided, there were still other dangers to be met and surmounted. Food for the long journey could not be transported in sufficient quantities, and the emigrants had to depend on the chance of encountering game. The natural supplies of water were often few and far apart, and the horrors of thirst were added to the other dangers. What wonder that the trails were strewn with the bones of many a victim of privation!


STANLEY BERKELEY

A STAMPEDE.

THE Indians of the prairie seldom attack waggon trains of any size. They have learned that the long Western rifle in the hands of the sturdy pioneer is a foe to be respected. It is only single waggons, or small trains with but few guards, that need fear regular attacks; but the Indians often attempt to carry off the horses and cattle of the settlers by stampeding them, thus: on some dark night, when a temporary camp is lost in slumber, save for the watchful sentinels, a noise is heard like the sighing of the wind through the trees. This grows louder and louder, and a band of Indians, riding at full speed and yelling like demons, dash through the camp. The frightened horses and cattle strain at their ropes, and, unless securely fastened, break away and disappear into the night.

STANLEY BERKELEY

THE SURPRISE.

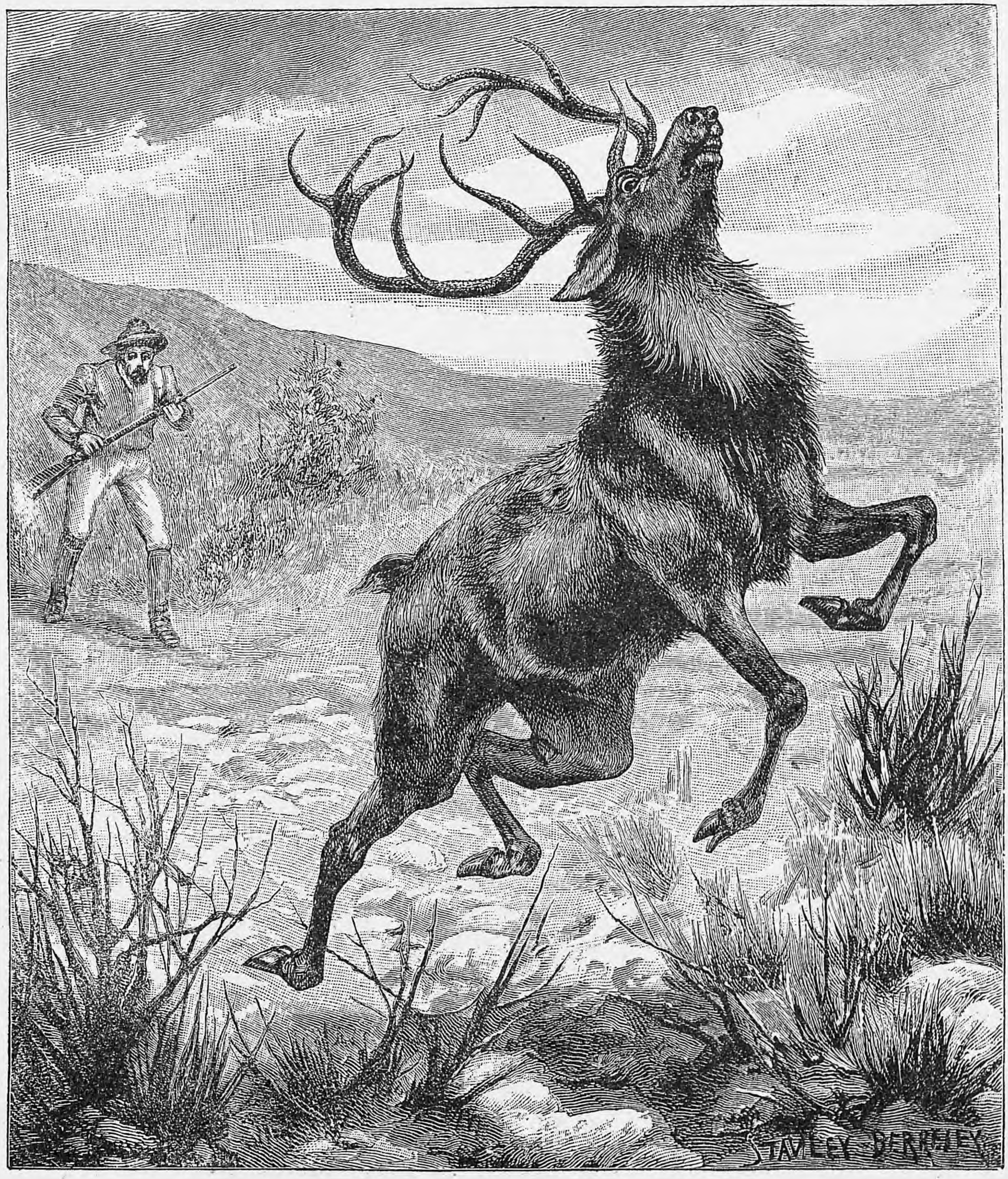
A BODY of cavalry were encamped on the prairie near a little stream. They were in search of a party of Indians who had been murdering and pillaging the settlers. Suddenly two dark specks were seen in the distance. Each moment they grew larger, until they were seen to be two trappers, who were riding at their utmost speed. On reaching the camp, the older of the strangers asked to see the commanding officer. To him he stated that he and his companion had been pursued by a band of Indians, probably the very ones of which the soldiers were in pursuit, and that the Indians had only given up the pursuit a few miles back. Scouts were immediately sent out, who reported that the Indians were encamped about five miles away. In the middle of the night the soldiers surrounded the Indian camp and successfully attacked it.

AN INDIAN'S MEMORY.

A YOUNG man and his sister were together in the farm-yard, when suddenly they saw some mounted Indians approaching. The man, like a coward, hid in the hay; but his sister boldly stood her ground and awaited the approach of the Indians; for she knew that if the intentions of the warriors were evil, no escape was possible. The Indians halted at the gate, and their chief with grave courtesy asked for a drink of milk from the bowl she held in her hand. She gave it to him, and then he rode away. But this was not the only time the girl saw the chief; for three years later the settlement was suddenly attacked by Indians, their leader being this same chief. He had not forgotten the girl's hospitality, for their house was unmolested, a band of trusty warriors surrounding the house and allowing no Indians to enter.

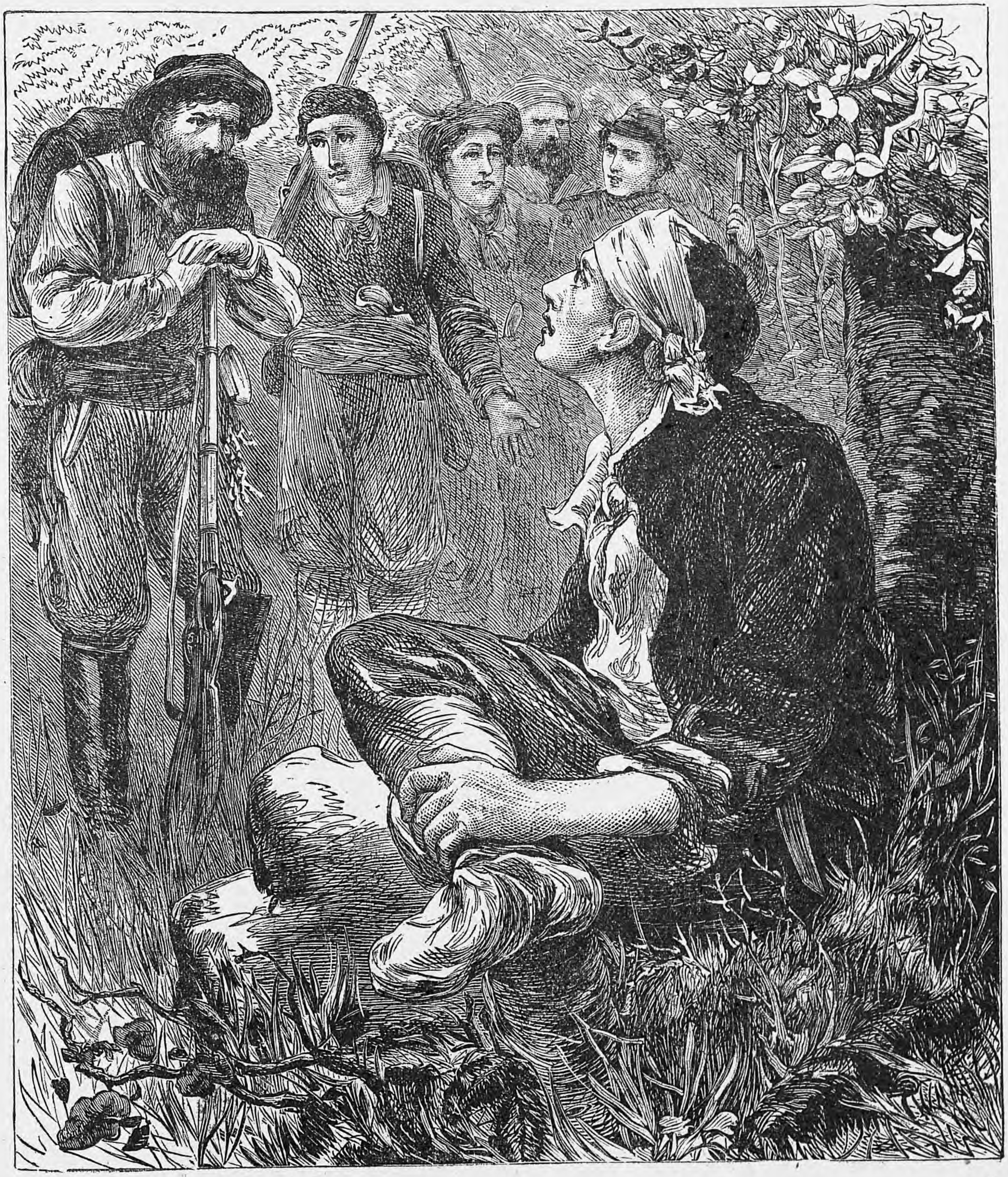
MY BUCK.

WHEN I was in the West I had an ardent desire to shoot a buck, and one day I started out to try my luck. Two or three hours later I saw a small herd feeding near a clump of trees, and set out to stalk them. It was a tiresome undertaking; but I did not want to hurry matters, and then find I had made a mess of it and startled them before getting within range. Little by little I crept up, hid behind a bush, selected the biggest of the lot, and fired. He was hit, but not so hard as to stop him running off with the rest. I started after him, and soon saw that he was dropping behind. I loaded my rifle as I ran, and just as he was about to enter a small piece of woods I fired again. This time my aim was better, and he fell dead. He proved a very heavy load before I reached home.


STANLEY BERKLEY

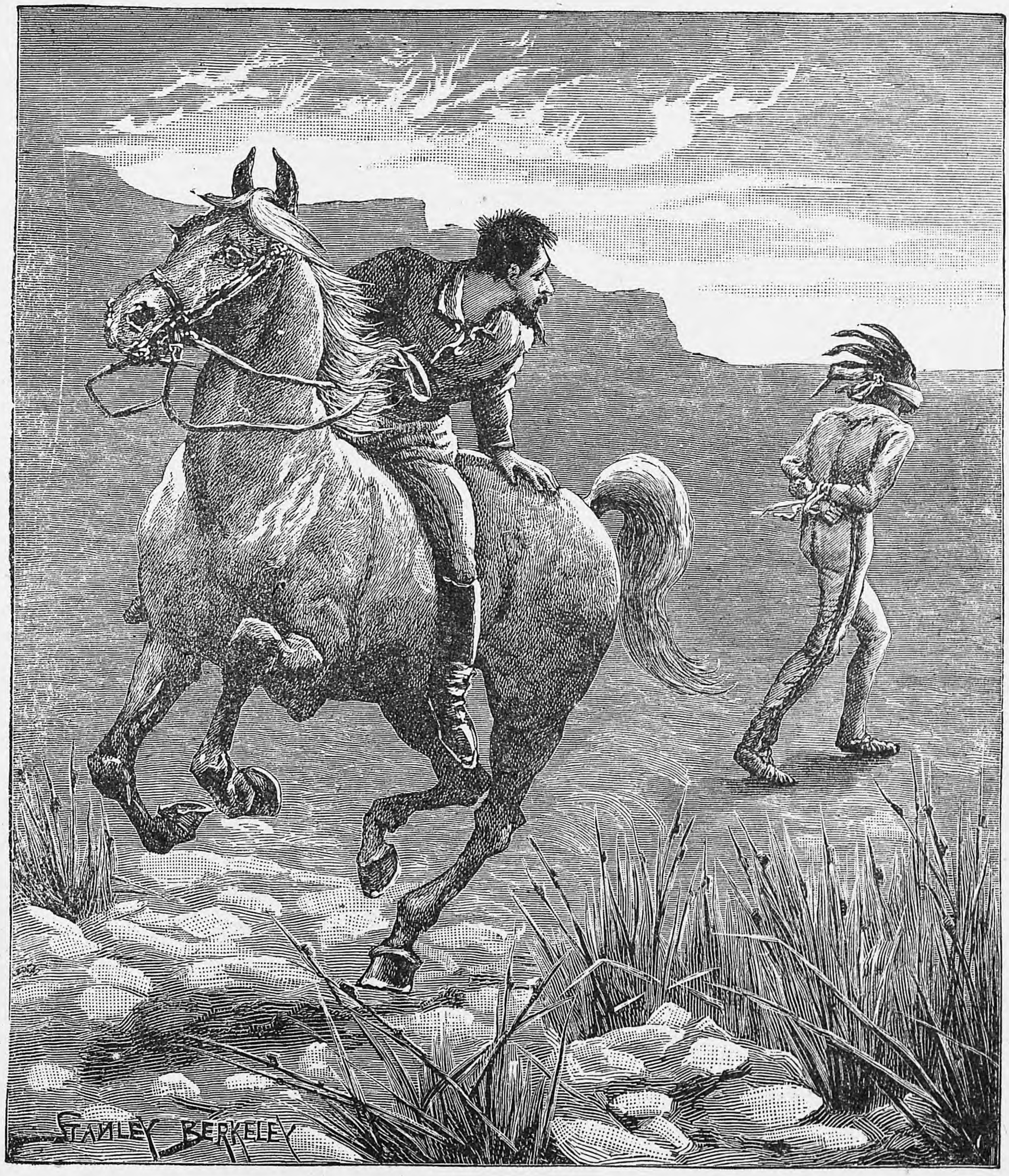
THE WOUNDED MAN.

A PARTY of miners were journeying from one camp to another, when a strange noise was heard among the bushes. It was a voice moaning and calling for help. Guided by the cry, they found a young man seated against a tree. He was pale, with hollow cheeks, and one of his feet was bound up in rags, as if he had torn his clothes for the purpose. He related that he and his companions had been attacked by outlaws, and that he was wounded by a bullet in the foot. His wound was much inflamed, and his foot much swollen; he could not walk, and had been crawling about in the woods for four days, living on plants and roots, and looking forward to a horrible death. The miners made a rude litter and carried him to the camp. His wounded foot grew better little by little; but it was months before he could walk on it.



A CAPTIVE'S ESCAPE.

JOHN GRAHAM had been captured by Indians, who had bound him hand and foot, and thrown him into an empty wigwam. As soon as left alone, he began to strain at his bonds until he succeeded in freeing his hands, and in a few moments his feet also were released. Then he stealthily left the wigwam, and began to crawl through the village. Finally he reached the prairie, and began to look for a horse, since he knew escape on foot was impossible. Presently a horse was heard approaching, and a mounted Indian appeared. Graham with a sudden spring tore the redman from his horse, stifling his cries as he fell. The prisoner was gagged, and then Graham sprang on the horse and galloped away. The last thing he saw was the Indian going off at a rapid gait; but Graham knew he would be beyond pursuit before an alarm could be given.

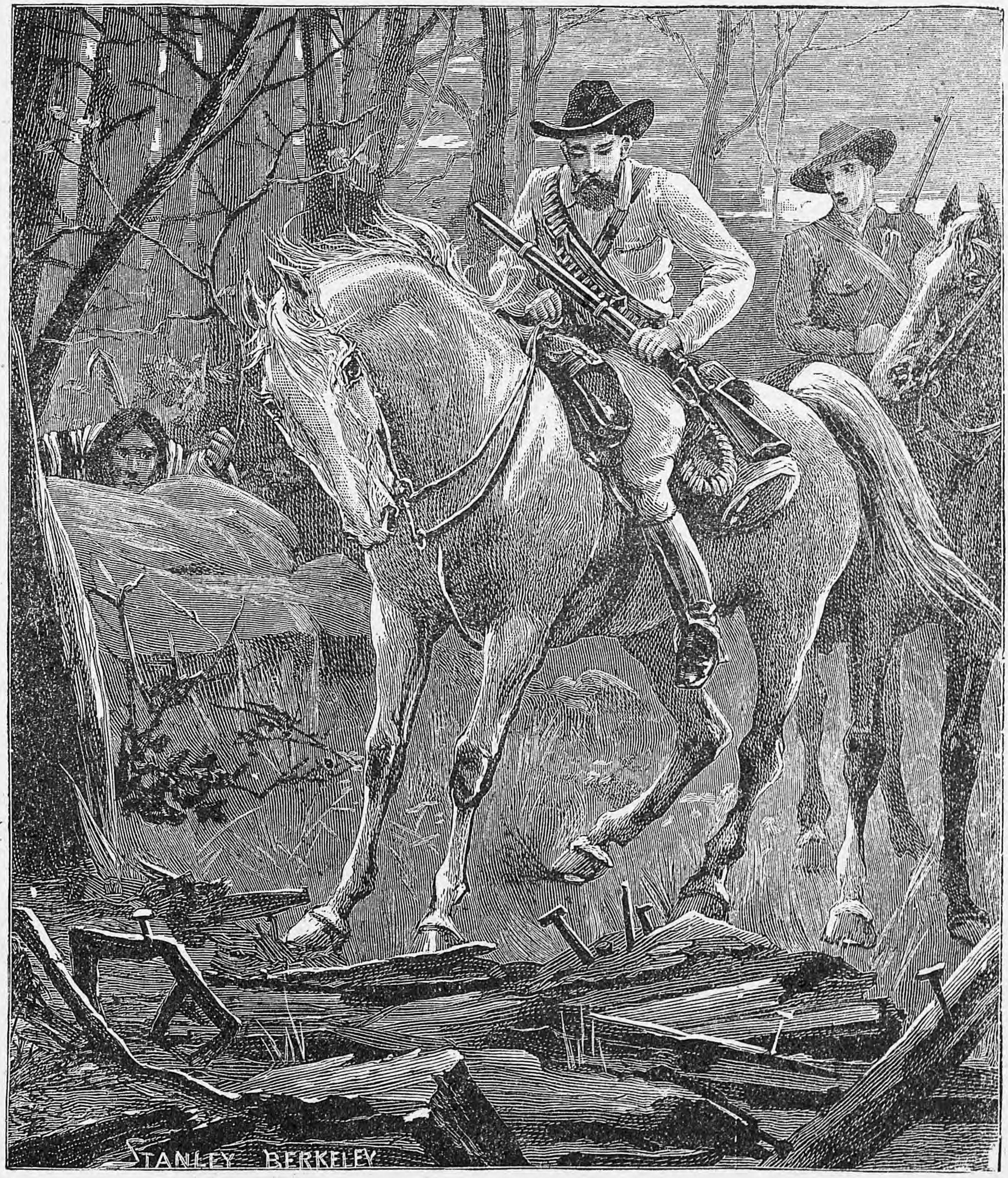

STANLEY BERKELEY

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

THE following is the story of a woman's courage and presence of mind. Two settlers were standing in front of their log cabin, when suddenly four Indians appeared. The Indians were armed, but the white men had foolishly left their weapons in the house. The leader of the Indians demanded that the settlers should give up their horses. On the settlers refusing, the Indians prepared to resort to force, since they supposed that the only men on the place were before them. All at once the click of a gun was heard, and the long barrel of a gun appeared at the window and covered the nearest Indian. The Indians now suspected that there were other men in the house, and, fearing to be entrapped, galloped off; while the settlers, rushing to the house, found their sister holding the unloaded gun.

TOO LATE.

WORD came to a small settlement among the Black Hills that a war party of Indians had been seen heading toward the clearing of a certain settler who had boldly penetrated into the forest and there built his home. A relief party was at once organized, and they set out without loss of time. They rode fast, but kept a sharp lookout for surprises; for the Indians might have had tidings of their approach. They, however, met with no opposition, and finally reached the clearing, but, alas! too late. A smouldering ruin marked the spot where the house had stood, and everywhere were the signs of a fierce struggle. An Indian was seen skulking in the underbrush, and he was seized and questioned, and then the party dashed off in pursuit. The Indians made every effort to shake off their pursuers, but without success.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